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Sports Illustrated

MARCH 31, 1968

50 CENTS

AMATEUR TRACK SCANDAL





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(Except our own compact car, of course.)

American Motors Rebel.



1. Manufacturer's suggested retail price for Rebel 2-door hardtop. Federal taxes included. State and local taxes, if any, destination charges, optional equipment extra.

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Next week

THE WILD SEASON is winding up. The brawling and rioting behind them, 15 teams go after Lew Alcindor and UCLA. A preview of the NCAA tourney by Joe Jans.

DERBY-BOUND COLTS now in Florida get their first crack at a mile and an eighth in Hush's Flamingo, a race that should reveal which are genuine candidates to classic horses.

AVAILABLE DATE-CRASHERS at almost every top U.S. sports event are two lockatically drifting silent bingers. Coles Phinicy tells how and why they float from contest to contest.

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Maybe your son won't turn into another Elgin Baylor. Not many children do become sports stars. But every youngster—including yours—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete. It will help him get more fun—more of everything—out of life.

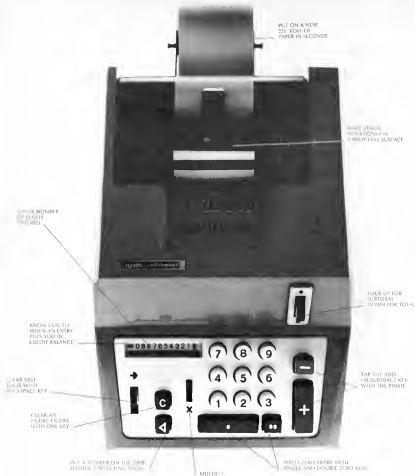
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Sears

SCORECARD

MICKY

And now Mickey is gone. The sadness of this inevitability is more apparent when you remember what he was—not the limping, sporadic shadow of the last few years but the superhero of superheroes to an entire generation of small boys. Some of them lived in Tenafly, N.J. and, while the following, reprinted from *The Echo*, school paper of Tenafly High School, is as impudently funny as most good high school humor, it also reflects the rather extraordinary hold that Mantle had on a very large segment of American youth:

Once upon a time there was a Mickey Mantle fan club at Tenafly High School. It all began as a classroom lesson in parliamentary procedure. The names have been omitted to protect the guilty, but the official minutes of the meeting remain to tell the tale. They read in part as follows:

"We, the members of this class, in order to form a perfect fan club, honor Mickey, insure a .300 season, root for a better team defense, promote the Yankees' general welfare and secure the blessings of victory to ourselves and the other fans, do ordain and establish this constitution for the Mickey Mantle fan club." Mickey Mantle was made honorary president, and the club passed a resolution that "he shall forever reign supreme."

Next, the club members rose and recited their pledge of allegiance. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the greatest in America, and to the Yankees for whom he plays, one team, under Skipper Houk, unbeatable, with homers and victories for all."

As soon as everyone sat down, the president entertained a motion that the club anthem be sung at the beginning of each meeting by all "true" members. One student suggested that the word "insane" be substituted for the word "true," but he was reminded that if he didn't like it he could always join the Russian club. The motion was passed unanimously.

ly and the assemblage rose to sing. "My Mickey 'tis of thee, sweet team of victory, of thee I sing. Field where Bambino played, where Gehrig history made, where Mickey for years has played, the King of Smack."

In time, the fan club, too, was smacked, but it shall not be forgotten. One memory shall live on, that of the club banner (a picture of Mantle in red, white and blue pinstripes) fluttering in the breeze, and the inscription above the blackboard, E PLURIBUS MICKLEY.

And that's it from Tenafly. So long, Mantle. Hey, how good is this kid, Bill Robinson?

RUN, PHIL, RUN

Philip C. Wallwork, safety director of the Automobile Legal Association, has directed the following stern admonition to joggers:

"Motorists have enough to contend with on snow-covered streets littered with cars without worrying about hitting members of the muscle fraternity."

"With sidewalk plowing a thing of the past, joggers should be forced off the streets until spring. A tuned-up muscle is of little use in a cast."

DON'T YOU DARE DUNK

A high school basketball game played recently in Columbus, Ohio began with a free throw. During pregame practice a couple of East High players violated the "no dunking" rule by stuffing the ball through the basket. The referee saw them and, because the rule is against dunking at any time, called a technical foul. It was enforced as soon as the buzzer sounded to start the game. A Wheatstone High player stepped to the line, shot, missed and the game went on.

Coach Bob Hart of East High said he was not surprised that the call had been made and he made no protest about it. "I've told our kids repeatedly about the rule," Hart said. "I don't suppose they'll need to be reminded again."

Hart's support of the referee is com-

mendable (and big news in itself, since most basketball coaches jump on officials if they so much as say, "Nice day, isn't it?"), but we wonder about the extent of the rule. If a referee is walking down a street and sees a couple of varsity players stuffing the ball during a two-on-two game in a playground, does he make note of it and the following Thursday night call a technical against Weequahic High?

LIFT THAT DESK

Sixty percent of the people in a doctor's office are there because they are underexercised. So claims Bob Spackman, trainer at Southern Illinois University, who as a countermeasure has written a book about exercises that anyone can do at almost any time.

For instance, says Spackman, when you are on the phone, squeeze it as though it were an empty tube of toothpaste. When you are waiting for a traf-



fic light to change, try to collapse the steering wheel by pressing it in from both sides. Or try to push yourself into the back seat by jamming your feet against the floorboard (you might set the hand brake first, before you try this one). At work, try pulling your desk together by grabbing it at the sides. Or try lifting it with your feet.

Spackman's favorite exercise is the simplest. He sucks in his stomach, holds it in for six seconds and then relaxes. "Repeat it three times," he says. "It will keep your stomach muscles firm. You can throw away your girdle."

Spackman, whose book, *Exercise in*
convenient

If a flash storm should strike:



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NEOLITE by
GOODYEAR

the Office, was published last November, was once the trainer for the old St. Louis Browns and has long stressed both isometric and isotonic exercises. "Exercise will not keep you from growing old," he admits, "but it will prolong your active years."

It didn't help the St. Louis Browns, we're sorry to say, but it may help you.

WATERS OF FEAR

Despite warnings (SCORECARD, Jan. 27), scuba divers continue to die in Florida's water-filled caves. Late in February two young servicemen explored the infamous Blue Springs Boli, a cavern off the St. John's River, and became the 11th and 12th divers to die in that one cave in one year. Both were experienced open-water scuba divers and both had plenty of air left in their tanks, yet they apparently succumbed to "cavern fever," the panic that can strike a man unused to cavern diving when he loses his bearings and cannot find a quick way out and up to the surface.

There had been talk of putting up fences to keep divers out, but the vast number of caves makes such a project unfeasible. Still, can't fences be erected at particularly dangerous places, like Blue Springs Boli?

CONGLOMERATE GOWNS

Despite their decline on the market, conglomerates are still moving in everywhere, and sport is not being overlooked. Gulf & Western Industries recently worked out a merger with Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises (which runs two racetracks in Chicago), and now National Industries has moved to acquire Churchill Downs, offering \$30 a share in a stock purchase bid. The conglomerate must buy all shares tendered to it by the stockholders of at least 50% of the shares are tendered (if less than 50% of the shares are tendered, National has its choice of buying or rejecting them). Thus, if all 383,292 shares are tendered, National—a Louisville-based corporation with holdings in retail stores, manufacturing, transportation and oil—will have to pay out \$11.5 million.

About 12% of the stock is held by the 11 men comprising Churchill Downs's board of directors, who last week were understandably uneasy about National's move. Y. Peyton Wells, who owns 3,034 shares, would not give his own reaction to the offer but said he

thought the board would try to take a united stand, one way or the other. Louisville Hotel Owner J. Graham Brown, a director for 32 years and the largest stockholder (26,817 shares, worth \$804,000 at National's \$30 bid), said he would not be for any deal that would take the Kentucky Derby away from Louisville, though no mention of moving the Derby had been made (a National spokesman said the proposed acquisition "would continue control of the Derby within the Kentucky community").

Another board member, A. B. (Bull) Hancock, who owns 2,110% shares, said he did not want the Derby to become a strictly commercial enterprise. "If necessary," he said optimistically, "we'll form a new group and buy it ourselves. We've run it all right so far—maybe not so good for the stockholders but in the best interest of the Derby. I'm not willing to sell to the first outfit that comes along. We don't want to become part of a conglomerate."

Maybe not, but unless a second group comes up with a higher bid, the question of whether or not National Industries gets the track is in the hands of the stockholders.

POLITICAL GAMBLE

Governor Raymond Shafer of Pennsylvania has had to propose a state income tax. Needless to say, he hasn't found too many supporters, though he may have come up with one in Penn State Football Coach Joe Paterno, a gambling type who will never placekick a conversion for a tie if his team has a chance to run the ball in for a win. Shafer proposed a 3% tax but, as he likes to tell it: "I asked Joe whether we ought to have a 1% tax or a 2% tax, and he said, 'Go for two! Go for two!'"

STEAM CAR ROUND THE BEND

Bill Lear's plan to enter a steam car in the Indianapolis 500 (SI, Feb. 3) has been stalled, though not abandoned. The overwhelming snows in Nevada have halted construction on the test track Lear is building, and it cannot now be finished in time for adequate testing before this year's 500. Buzz Nanny, corporate vice-president, says, "We will go ahead and build the racing car and run it and show it, but we won't race at Indy this year. As for next year, we'll take a look and see."

There have been rumors that the Lear

people were having trouble with the steam engine, but Nanny says they have been getting fine results. (Along with the racer, they have been working on a steam car for the California highway patrol and have been "under pressure from the bus and car people to produce something along that line.")

As for reports that boilers have blown up, Nanny explains, "We are testing several types and we run them to destruction to find what their parameters are—though none has actually blown up. Everything is fine. We simply decided that with the setback in weather we were spreading ourselves thin, and it's not efficient."

O.G.O.

When Kansas City lost the Athletics to Oakland after the 1967 baseball season, its citizens found some solace in the realization that they would no longer be bedeviled by Charles O. Finley, the Athletics' exuberant proprietor. But now they have discovered that Charlie O. is still the legal owner of the scoreboard at Municipal Stadium, where the new Kansas City Royals will play until their own modern stadium is ready, presumably in 1971. Finley indicated that he wanted to be paid \$50,000 for his scoreboard or else—according to rumors—he would dismantle it and give it away to a school or college. ("And he's just tough enough to do it," said a Kansas City official.)

The city hates the thought of paying \$50,000 of the taxpayers' money to the man it loves to hate, but a new board would cost \$200,000 and could not be installed in time for the season. Reluctantly, the city council took steps to appropriate the required amount.

Replying to criticism that there had been too much delay in settling the scoreboard matter, City Councilman Sal Capra said, ruefully, "You've never dealt with a man like Charlie Finley."

THEY SAID IT

• Horatio Luro, successful Thoroughbred trainer, on why he will not train his wife's horses: "When you train a horse for a lady, sometimes it loses. So you make excuses. You can call the lady by phone and explain. When you hang up, the conversation ends. For your wife you can go home to make the excuses. Maybe the conversation never ends." **END**



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NO GOODY

In the tiny Bavarian mill town of Herzogenaurach, down the road and a turn of a century or two from Nürnberg, live two brothers who make track shoes and pay amateur athletes as much as \$10,000 to wear them. The sons of a poor but vigorous laundress—she washed, they delivered—Adolf and Rudolf Dassler first made house slippers, then changed over to soccer boots and track shoes and in time became the leading *Sportschuhfabrikanten* in the world. As brothers, however, they grew to be strangers one to another.

When you have said that Adolf and Rudolf Dassler are alike in that they were both outstanding athletes, you have run out of similarities. Adolf is quick-witted but rather shy, more gratified by the entries he makes in the idea book he keeps on his nightstand than by the figures in the company ledger. He loves the shoes he fashions. He is a man with a great sense of the past, who wears knickerbockers and walks his dog for hours at a time. Rudolf, on the other hand, is a cigar-smoking, boisterous backslapper, brimming with *Gemüthlich-*

keit and business sense. He brags a lot. He carries pictures of the big fish he has caught.

The exact causes of family feuds are often difficult to arrive at. Certainly, that of the Dassler brothers is no exception. Their mutual antagonism resulted in cash payoffs during the last Olympics totaling an estimated \$100,000, in addition to approximately \$350,000 worth of equipment given away in the Olympic year.

Among Adidas employees the scuttlebutt is that before World War II, when the brothers were still partners, Rudolf



TWO-SHOES

The leading sports shoemakers in the world are the German firms of Adidas and Puma, owned by two hostile brothers, Adolf and Rudolf Dassler. Their feud resulted in cash payoffs of some \$100,000 to athletes at the Olympics **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

persuaded Adolf that they should both file military enlistment forms. However, only Adolf's went into the mail. A cleaning woman found Rudolf's unposted. Ironically, it turned out that it was Rudolf who eventually was called up for the duration. Adolf was summoned home to their factory to make barrels for antitank guns instead of shoes. After the war Rudolf was imprisoned by the Americans for 12 months. He had been a member of the Nazi party. But so had Adolf. Rudolf believed Adolf could have hastened his release. Adolf

insisted that he did all he could, risking imprisonment himself.

The rift widened. According to one account, there was a flagrant attempt to alienate Adolf from his wife Kathe. Lesser grievances became issues. Rudolf's oldest son Armin was accused of spitting on Aunt Kathe. He was sitting on a balcony of the house the families shared, his legs dangling through the rails. "I was watching my spit," he recalls, "a little Galileo, watching it go down from the balcony, and my aunt passed below. It was a big affair. I had

spit on my aunt." One Christmas, Armin was invited downstairs for presents; the next Christmas he was not.

"As people," says Adolf Dassler today, "we are not compatible. It is the same as in marriage. It is better to separate early than when it is too late." For the past 20 years the brothers have made their shoes independently, operating separate fiefs in the medieval town. Adolf and his family under the company name "Adidas," a contraction of his own, Rudolf and his family under the name "Puma," after the fast cat. A

continued

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signpost at a junction on the road into Herzogenaurach indicates the oppositeness of their paths: the blue Adidas sign points one way, the green Puma sign points the other. The Adidas sign is on top.

Since 1949, Adolf and Rudolf have not exchanged a single word, except on legal matters. They sue each other regularly.

Rudolf Dassler celebrated his 70th birthday last April. He is two years his brother's senior. There was a big party. All day long, according to his son Armin, the old man waited for a card or a call from Adolf. (It must be said in passing that Armin may be a bit of a sentimentalist.) Two days later Rudolf received a restraining order on an advertising claim Puma was making. The suit had been filed by Adidas on Rudolf's birthday. Adolf did not think this so unkind a cut or, for that matter, unusual. On his 50th birthday, he recalled, he, too, had received a restraining order. He said his whole family had been sued at one time or another and that soon

he expected his grandchildren to begin having the pleasure.

The estrangement of the brothers' houses is absolute, the acrimony unmitigated. As a result, their shoemaking is unsurpassed. Being best of enemies, they have forced one another to become millionaires—or, at least, Adolf is a millionaire because he makes better shoes and many more of them, being arduous rather than slick. His brother's greater success does not sit well with Rudolf. Adolf, speaking of the days of *Gebhardt Dassler*, was quoted by a London journalist as saying, "If there had been a hole left in Rudolf every time I had to poke him and say, 'Heh, that was my invention,' he would look today like a piece of Gruyère." Rudolf read it and sued. Too busy to go to court, Adolf claimed he was misquoted.

The suits are volleyed back and forth to keep each side from getting too reckless with its advertising (they comb each other's catalogs, looking for words like "best" and "fastest") or from being too obvious with its piracy. Otherwise,

Adidas and Puma follow the normal guidelines of cutthroat business practice, assailing one another with technology and invention—Adidas made 132 changes in its *Wunderrschuh* from one Olympiad to the next—slashing, gouging, kicking and healing one another with merchandising.

The companies grew rapidly. Ideas begot ideas. When Adolf offered a "Vulcanized Nylon Sole Without a Leather Middle Layer," Rudolf countered with a "Living Nylon Shoe With Air Conditioning." Their factories multiplied—Adidas' to 16 (seven in Germany, eight in France, one in Austria, in addition to sales companies and franchises in six other countries), producing 22,000 pairs of shoes a day. Adidas had to rent two computers to keep up with the paper work, and design 5100,000 machines that could sole 30 shoes at a time. An Adidas engineer said that if business got any better a factory would be needed to produce athletes to fill the shoes. However, at the moment Adidas has plenty of the former: more than 275 world track and field records have been made in its shoes. Those shod by Adidas in other sports range from Oscar Robertson to Rod Laver to Muhammad Ali to nearly all the members of the UCLA football team, not to mention special guest star O. J. Simpson.

Puma's rise was more modest, having suffered an early setback when Rudolf antagonized the trainer of the German national soccer team and lost the account to Adidas. Puma now has six factories, but its production figures are kept secret to conceal how far below Adidas' they are (Adidas obligingly estimates Puma's production at 5,000 pairs a day. It aggravates Kaihe Dassler that "Rudolf likes to give people the impression he is as big as we are.") The Portuguese soccer star, Eusebio, was photographed kissing a Puma shoe. Merlin Olsen of the Los Angeles Rams as a Puma representative. American runners Lee Evans and John Carlos set unofficial world records in the controversial Puma "brush" shoe, which has 68 tiny hand-inserted spikes for running on synthetic tracks. "My idea," says Rudolf.

Both Adidas and Puma claim to export to 100 countries and, wherever they invade, local competition has withered. Their shoes—kangaroo skin! *reverse kangaroo skin!*—are lighter, more flexible, better-constructed and better-look-



Rudolf Dassler of Puma began paying off in 1980, with stipends to Sprinter Armin Hary.

ing and not unreasonably priced. Labor is cheap in Germany. Even American manufacturers throw up their hands. MacGregor tried to survive by acting as a jobber for Adidas, then got out of the sports shoe market entirely. Converse is concerned with the inroads Adidas is making in basketball. Wilson and Riddell were pressed to match the Germans' football shoes (Adidas alone has six different models). When Valsport, an Italian soccer boot firm, began making headway in Britain, Adidas showered the country with free boots—one of its favorite ploys—and Valsport never had a prayer.

However good it is for business, the acid drip-drip of the Dassler vendetta has created a malignancy in the *corpo* of amateur sport—one that wasn't particularly *sano* to begin with. It might not be entirely fair, but it is certainly apropos to cite an early Rudolf quote. "We know that compared to Adidas we are second. To make us first, we've got to produce better shoes, new ideas and explore other areas." Puma found it could cut into Adidas' 9-to-1 advantage by paying soccer players to switch shoes. There was nothing particularly unethical about it because the soccer players were professionals. But in 1960 Puma paid Armin Hary of West Germany, the Olympic champion and world-record holder in the 100-meter dash, to step out of Adidas and into Puma. Though track shoes represent only 10% to 15% of both companies' production, each considers it essential to its advertising that it shoe the world's fastest feet. The Adidas markings—three parallel slashes down the side of the shoe at the arch—are easily identifiable (see cover), even in head-on photographs or in the blur of a race.

Before Hary's deal with Puma, Adidas had been able to satisfy its amateur stars with free shoes—30,000 pairs in one Olympic year—and lots of individual attention. Adi Dassler enjoys tinkering with special foot problems and catering to the whims of exceptional athletes. Uwe Seeler, the Hamburg soccer star, had an aching Achilles' tendon that Adi soothed with a unique padded shoe, for Martin Lauer, the hurdler, he made the revolutionary "interval" shoe, so that Lauer might train with an injured ankle. More recently Adi has fashioned exceptionally narrow shoes for Ralph Boston, for Charlie Greene, who dips variety, he made green, gold and black shoes, and

he built a special pair for Tracy Smith, who has a size-9½ left foot and a size-10 right foot. Adidas' individual attention has also included gifts of tape recorders.

Prior to the Rome Olympics, Puma, whose identifying mark is a single sweeping stripe along the side of the shoe, approached Hary, offering him money and a cut of the profits from the sales of a special Armin Hary model. Hary then asked Adidas whether it would match Puma's offer. Adidas declined. Hary was later suspended when a Frankfurt meet promoter refused to pay his asking price and Hary, in turn, wouldn't run. He was never officially challenged on the shoe payoff because the German track and field federation didn't want to make him give back his gold medal.

More payoffs followed. *Der Spiegel* accused Puma of giving Decathlete Manfred Block excessive expenses (Block was going to be a Puma representative: "It is the dream of every athlete," explained Rudolf Dassler). Miler Jurgen May and Distance Runner Jurgen Haase

were revealed to have accepted Puma money. Adidas, which had been able to claim that more than 80% of the world's best runners ran in "die Weltmarke mit den 3 Streifen," now felt compelled to retaliate, payoff for payoff where necessary, to keep the thumb on Puma's jugular. It was not a very big expenditure for a time.

But, having opened this can of worms, the Dasslers were unable to close it. They discovered that amateur athletes, conditioned to deceit by outdated amateur rules and comatose amateur ruling bodies like the AAU, were no more loath to be compromised than a child is reluctant to open a candy wrapper. The word got around. Payoffs proliferated. The *Sportnachrichten* were caught in a demeaning and increasingly expensive practice. The athletes began to play one firm against the other. By the time they moved their operations to Mexico for the 1968 Olympic Games, Adidas and Puma were in the position—as a grateful athlete put it—of a pair of super ice cream vendors. When the wagons came

continued



Adolf Dassler of Adidas entered payoff battle late but shooed 88% of Olympic modelists.

around, it was as if a bell had rung, and the boys lined up.

One American opportunist shopped from wagon to wagon, back and forth, until he wound up with \$10,000, making him the highest-paid amateur at the Games. Another, on an educated guess, switched from Adidas to Puma just before he won his gold medal and afterward went around to the hotel where the Puma people were staying to see what his reward might be. "Puma," he said, relating his experience to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, "was very pleased." The reward was the \$6,000 he needed to close the deal on a flashy new automobile. In return he promised to wear Puma for the rest of his amateur life. "Why shouldn't I?" he said. "I never got anything. Why should I sit around like a hermit when everybody is making money out of these people? If I can give them publicity, they ought to pay me for it."

Payouts ranged down from there. Curiously, some athletes maintained a sense of proportion, as if they knew how much they were worth or how much their consciences would stand. Here, in his words, is the rationale of one.

"I had worn Adidas for three or four years. Then, when we were at South Lake Tahoe [the training site for the U.S. Olympic track team], Art Simburg [an American representative for Puma] took me out to dinner and said he wanted me to wear Puma shoes. He did not offer any money but said he would help me in any way he could, if it were reasonable. I knew Puma had been helping athletes, giving monthly payments—\$100, \$200—but all I wanted was to take my wife to Mexico with me. I asked for her expenses. Agreed."

"Then I got to thinking. Why not ask Adidas for help? I went to Dick Bank [a Beverly Hills real-estate developer and track authority who was then the Adidas representative]. Bank said he would have to ask. He didn't want to do it. But he got word back that Adidas would also reimburse me for my wife's travel. We were talking about \$500. I'd get the money in Mexico City."

"When I got to Mexico City, I decided I wanted to take my wife to Acapulco after the Games. Now we were talking about \$1,000. I knew athletes who got more but I didn't want to be greedy. I just wanted a good time. Puma said they would go the whole route. Adidas would not."

"My arrangement with Puma was only for the Games. I feel performance is 99% man and 1% shoe, and the quality of the shoes is pretty much the same, but I wanted the freedom to select the shoe I liked best. I am sure I will talk with them both again. If they want me to wear their shoes next year, more payments will be needed."

"After the competition I went with a friend to the hotel to get our bread. We were in there talking to Art Simburg and we met Armin Dassler and Karl Walach of Puma, and all the while other teammates of mine kept coming and going. I didn't feel bad at all about the money I took. I should have done it long ago."

Not all those who submitted were quite so tickled to death with themselves. The night of the U.S. Olympic Trials, a veteran runner sat in the cocktail lounge

of his Los Angeles hotel, brooding over a second drink. When he got up, he said, "Well, I've made up my mind. I'm going to sell my soul." A short while later he returned, sat down heavily and ordered another drink. "I've done it," he said. "I've agreed to run in Puma shoes [he eventually switched back to Adidas when his price was met]. On my salary it's the only way I have to get [my wife] to the Games. They've agreed to pay her way. I feel awful."

The battle of the shoe manufacturers in Mexico City—now as much a part of Olympic obloquy as Paavo Nurmi's lavish expense account and the terrible case of Arrachion the Greek, a wrestler, who was declared a winner just as he was being strangled to death—was conducted at the front by the sons of Gelsvinder Dassler: Horst of Adidas and Armin of Puma.

REVERSE KANGAROO, POLKA DOTS AND GOLD LAMÉ

ADIDAS: Under his three-stripe emblem Adolf Dassler manufactures a wide variety of sports shoes and boots. Among them are: (1) boxing boot; (2) wrestling boot; (3) high basketball shoe; (4), (13), (16) and (18) football training shoes in kangaroo skin and reverse kangaroo skin; (5) football shoe; (6), (7), (14) and (17) spiked track shoes in various colors, some with permanent spikes, others with removable ones; (8) ice hockey boot; (9) figure skating boot; (10) javelin boot; (11) tennis shoe; (12) soccer or football shoe; (16) Astoria-Gold track shoe.



Horst Dassler is built on the lines of his father—a small, wiry man with great energy who, although only 32, plays a leading role in Adidas' success story. Horst is conversant in four languages, each one adaptable to the disarming, window-to-the-soul way he blinks both eyes when making a point. When he was 20, he went to Melbourne for the Olympics and talked a large percentage of the medal winners into Adidas shoes. And he did it without payoffs. When discussing the evolution of the scandal with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, and admitting his part in it (but adamantly refusing to name any of the athletes involved), Horst also spoke of happier days when technology was what counted.

"I remember when we decided to make four-spoke shoes," Horst said. "My father and I went into the woods where we had a cinder track, a very hard track.

We ran as fast as we could and then we looked at the holes the spikes had made. With one shoe, the six-spoke, we made one big hole. With the other there were four distinct little holes. The four-spoke shoe was more efficient."

His father is crazy about track, Horst said. He keeps a private museum of his special shoes—a pair made for Jesse Owens, another for Bob Hayes, shoes of style and lightness—and he enjoys taking them out to show their fine points. "He likes all the technical things about it, which he does not find in soccer," said Horst. "He is not interested in commercial things. He does not know about figures. He does not understand that he has created something that people get money to wear. Now it is no more use to discuss technical things with athletes. Now it is only of use to discuss money."

Armin Dassler supplies to Puma the youthful drive and enterprise that Horst does to Adidas—which is to say, he does not take vacations. Armin oversees the rich American market (neither Adolf nor Rudolf speaks more than perfunctory English). Armin is stout and square-headed, with coarse black hair, his eyes are ringed with tired lines that make him look older than his 39 years. When he was a boy, his father wanted him to run laps and do pull-ups in the hope that he might become a track star. Armin preferred swimming and skiing. He is a gentle man who aims to please. In 1962 he tried breaking away from his father's domination by establishing an independent company in Austria ("I wanted to open the mail for myself," he said) but he returned in two years, merging his factory with his father's.

As a result, Armin does not have Horst's independence or self-assurance. He continually alludes to his father's brilliance ("Just say it was father's idea. . ."). "I think father would agree to that. . .". Where Rudolf blusters, Armin sighs; where Rudolf attacks, Armin defends. When *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* sought an audience with Rudolf at the Puma plant in Herzogenaurach, the old man shouted over the phone "What do you want from us? Do you want to finish us in America?" He nevertheless agreed to a meeting and received his visitors cheerfully and with slaps on the back, but he laid down strict rules for the discussion and had a lawyer take notes. The meeting was very brief.

Armin comes on more agreeably, being a self-effacing man. He tends to breathe deeply before answering and he is coy in a way the Germans call "Bavenschücheln"—a peasant's shrewdness. Rudolf wouldn't talk of payoffs, only to slip in one revealing thought: "Honestly, who [these days] can afford to achieve good performances by training daily without remuneration?" Armin denied participating in payoffs, except to admit a case or two of authorizing plane fare to Mexico City for an athlete's wife.

But, oh, the competition, sighed Armin. "It kills the nerves. It is nice to have success, nice to grow, but sometimes you come to the point where you ask, 'What for?'" He said it makes him sad. He said he had made attempts to reconcile differences through Horst, that they had met on the street in Mel-

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PUMA. Examples of Rudolf Dassler's single-stripe Puma shoes include: (1), (3), (4), (6), (12), (13) and (15) spiked track shoes; (2), (5) and (16) soccer shoes; (8) controversial "brush" shoe; (7), (14) and (17) training or warmup shoes; (9) football shoe; (10) tennis ball or all-terrain shoe; (11) experimental spiked track shoe; (18) experimental ladies' polka-dotted track shoe; (19) and (21) experimental ladies' evening track shoes made of tulle and a multicolored material which feels like a fish skin; (20) gold soccer shoe worn by Portuguese star Eusebio in world championship.





Adolf's son Hansi, of Adidas, freely admitted his role in the payoffs



Rudolf's son Armin, of Puma, was less than forthcoming on payoff matters.

TWO SHOES *continued*

bourne and again in a men's room and at a sports show. "I said to him, 'Why can't we sit down and have a beer? Nothing special. Just sit down and be friendly as cousins.'" But the meetings, said Armin, were turned around and interpreted as a Puma attempt to "get something" out of Adidas. "And after Mexico City," he said, "I doubt we will ever get together."

At the beginning Puma almost did not make it to the front in Mexico City. Three years previously Adidas had obtained exclusive sales rights in the Olympic Village by granting a Mexican shoe company, Canada, a franchise to manufacture Adidas shoes. Too late, Puma protested to the Mexican government that such exclusivity was discriminatory and not in the best democratic tradition of the Games. There is, of course, no such tradition. The commercial aspects of the Olympics have always been blatant, the host country is out to make a buck, period, and Mexico had made it in the shoe department with Adidas. Canada eventually sold 10,000 pairs of shoes at the Village, and Adidas was given an import license to get an allotment of its German-made shoes into the country duty-free.

When it was clear that Puma was not going to get such preferential treatment, Armin tried to ship 3,000 pairs of shoes into Mexico in a way that looked suspiciously like an attempt to use Adidas' license to beat the stiff Mexican duty (\$30,000). A preceding telegram from

Air France to Puma's Mexican contact identified the incoming shipment as urgent Adidas traffic. Armin Dassler said it was Air France's error and that, although he had the boxes marked "AD, Mexico" (AD is the customary code prefix for Adidas shipments), it was that way only coincidentally, because he did not think it practical to write out his whole name on each box. "They are my initials," he said. "I am sorry, I can't help it. 'Armin Dassler, A. D.' My middle name is also A—for Adolf." After his uncle.

It could be that Puma was innocent of the subterfuge, or it could be that Armin was just exercising a little *Bauernschlau*, but the Mexicans moved in and arrested Puma agent Sumburg with, they said, a large bag of Puma shoes. Armin said Puma athletes were crying for the shoes and he thinks Adidas put the finger on Sumburg. "There are thousands of visitors in the Olympic Village," he says. "Why do they go to Art Sumburg and say, 'Mr. Sumburg, where is your passport?'" Sumburg was informally charged with doing business on a tourist's visa and held at a detention center—not a jail, as originally reported—outside town for five days. He was released and talked freely of his experience before Puma told him to clam up. "I think," said Lee Evans, "Art's lips were sealed." Finally, some duty was paid, and 360 of the 3,000 pairs were let in.

That skirmish over with, the shoemak-

ers settled down with their ice cream wagons. Where before they had been furtive (a British athlete once was paid in French francs drawn from a German account in Hungary), they were now so wide open they appeared ludicrous, as if exposure were a public office to be campaigned for. Or, possibly, events had convinced them they were beyond discipline. The athletes were no less flagrant. One, an American, is rumored to have tried to cash a Puma check for 80,000 pesos (\$6,400) at the Village bank and caused a furor. Mexican banks do not keep large sums lying around, being skittish about bank robbery.

An inferiority complex, as defined at the Village, was an athlete who did not get offered something under the table. Payments of \$500 and \$1,000 were not uncommon, but some athletes were willing to jeopardize their amateur standing for a song—pledging to one shoe or the other for as little as \$50.

After the notorious Black Power demonstration by Tommie Smith and John Carlos, who each carried a Puma shoe to the victory stand, word got around that an investigation was brewing at last. Smith denied there was any significance in the shoe. He said that he and Carlos just wanted to go up there in their black socks and didn't want to leave the shoes lying around for somebody to steal. Nonetheless, the demonstration was eagerly interpreted as a shell for Puma. Coupled with other payoff rumors, it was enough to stir U.S. and Olympic of-

ficials into talk of action. One of two Australians who accepted \$1,000 stayed in his room all day, scared stiff that he would be caught with the money. An American who took \$500 from Adidas got cold feet and announced he had found—surprise—\$500 in his shoes.

The "investigation" began with trumpets—dark hints of life suspensions and medal forfeiture—and ended with a pitiful toot of a plea from officials for "information" on the payoffs. Nothing happened. The bargaining continued and, when it was all over, about 200 athletes were paid. If medals were indeed demanded of every athlete who got something, the United States would have been stripped almost clean. Dick Bank agreed. He said there were no more than five U.S. medal winners in track and field who did not get some money.

As it turned out, the most discouraging note of all—and the reason the shoe companies had acted with such apparent impunity—was that American officials knew what was going on all along. They had been told, long before, by Adidas and asked to head it off. They did not. Or, more accurately, could not.

When the Games were over, Horst went to Avery Brundage, the president of the International Olympic Committee, and dropped the mess in his lap. By this time it was clear to Horst that even

Adidas could not continue on so charitable a course. It had wound up shoeing an altitude high of 85% of the Olympic medal winners, all right, but this feat had cost the company a small fortune. With that and all the other giveaways—running shoes, sweat suits, bags, training shoes—Adidas was operating at a loss in track and field. It was inconceivable, Horst said, that Adidas would be willing to pay 85% of the athletes forever.

At the Adidas lodge in Landersheim, 30 minutes outside of Strasbourg, Horst Dussler sat at lunch recently and retraced the steps that led to the confrontation with Brundage. The lodge, set against the rolling wooded Rhine countryside, is manifest evidence of Adidas' success. 20 rooms, each with bath, beamed ceilings, fireplaces, two huge bear rugs, a brown and a white, expensive rustic furniture and tapestries; and a staff of five, catering to the whims of visiting soccer and basketball teams and track stars. Behind the nearby factory is a small track and a field where Horst and his staff play soccer.

Horst saw to the needs of his guests, poured the tart white table wine and got down to business. He said payments had indeed begun with Hazy at the time of the Rome Olympics but did not become a problem until Tokyo in 1964,

when "we could see people, very important medal prospects, who used to wear Adidas, in brand-new Puma shoes. When I talked to them, they admitted that money had been promised, and they said, 'If you pay the same, we would stay with Adidas. But we could not afford to turn down so much money.'"

Expensive Sony tape recorders were among the Adidas gifts in Tokyo, but there were "a few cases where we had to pay [cash], especially when we knew that someone was certain to win a gold medal and had been approached by the other company. The payments stopped after the Olympics. No more problems. We had more or less all top American athletes in our shoes."

"Then [last year] it started again with phone calls from Dick Bank. He said, 'Something is going on. Some athletes have switched to Puma. What can we do about it?' I said, 'Nothing. If you start with one, you will have 50 whom you could not turn down.' I said, 'We will wait and see. We can still do something at the last minute in Mexico.'"

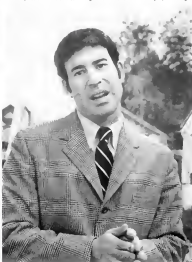
"When I was at Mt. SAC [Mt. San Antonio, Calif.] for the relays, I could not believe my eyes. Fifty percent of the athletes were wearing Puma shoes. Dick Bank was shocked. He did not want to participate in these money dealings, but I knew I had to do something."

continued

Ex-Adidas representative Dick Bank doled out shoes, but was appalled.



Puma representative Art Simburg was arrested in the Olympic Village.



I could not believe so much money was being spent. I met with the athletes to discuss things. I realized 80% of the American team would have been in Puma shoes had we not done something. It would not have cost them very much, as long as we did not pay. Some athletes ran for \$50 in Puma shoes.

"Before we started to make any real deals with the athletes, we informed the AAU about what was going on and we also told the different American coaches who were responsible for Mexico. This was done in Sacramento at the AAU championships, where we were represented by our Canadian collaborator, Ray Schiele. He phoned me, and I told him to ask them to stop it. The AAU people were very aware of the situation. They said they could not do anything. Later, the AAU blamed the shoe manufacturers. Ollan Cassell [the AAU's director of track and field] said, 'You should not throw stones from a glass house.' He was talking about what Adidas had done in Tokyo."

Horst immediately took charge of the payoffs. Dick Bank, he felt, was not the man to handle it. Bank had alienated many of the athletes, they complained that he played favorites, that he doled out shoes as rewards for satisfying his opinion of how they should perform. Jim Ryan got so many free shoes he passed them around to his University of Kansas teammates, but lesser lights were kept guessing or made to feel obligated. "I felt guilty the moment I laced on my first pair," said one Black athlete, especially, found Bank haughty and blamed him for their disenchantment with Adidas. "Dick Bank," says Armin Dassler of Puma, "was our best man in America." But whatever else he was, Bank was—and is—a wholehearted believer in the amateur ideal. He was appalled by the payoffs. (In Mexico City, just before he resigned his Adidas job, Bank said, "The IAAF knows all about it. They have to know. They won't do anything. They're gutless. What's going on here is disgusting.")

Horst Dassler, appreciating Bank's feelings, chose to use "certain coaches" to approach athletes at the conclusion of the AAU meet in Sacramento. "I made them sign for their payments," he said. The "contracts," obviously, were not legally binding, but in a pinch they might provide a lever. Mainly, said

Horst, they were for tax purposes. Ironically, they worked against him.

"One group of American athletes stayed for a week here in Landersheim before the Olympic Trials," Horst said. "Two athletes among them were famous Puma wearers. While they stayed here, they started to complain that they did not have any money. I was in Russia and could not be contacted. One of my associates said, 'If you sign a paper, you get \$500.' They got the money, signed the paper and then received a copy of the paper they had signed. I would not have given them the copy. They took it straight to Puma."



Signpost indicates firms' divergent ways

"After I heard about this, I told those athletes in South Lake Tahoe, 'I want the money back, and we will destroy the original.' I said, 'You have taken advantage.' One of the athletes' wives screamed at me. But they gave the money back, and the paper was destroyed. Puma tried to put pressure on us. They spread the news that Adidas tried to buy athletes and that they had proof of it. In Mexico City, Armin showed these copies to *BILD-Zeitung* [the West German daily], saying we made contracts and gave money, and still the athletes did not like to wear our shoes."

"When the Games were over, I went to see Mr. Brundage in Mexico City."

He went on. "I had met him several times. I respect him very highly. I think he has done a lot for sport. You can attack his amateur ideas, but do you know the solution? I felt guilty toward him. I told him I had misused his confidence. I explained that I was afraid he would hear about it from other sources. I said, 'Athletes have been paid.' I said I could understand what certain athletes have done, because they are very poor. I did not tell him any names. I just excused myself and said, 'Things happened that should not have happened, but we would have lost nearly the whole American team, and instead of 85% of the medal winners we would have had 30%.' He said he had heard things."

"I asked him what to do. He told me about the AAU's proposal of an all-white or a neutral shoe [one that could not be recognized from afar or on television]. I told him things would not change, because all factories still would like to claim that such a percentage of medals were won in their shoes, whether you can see it or not. Black, white or red, it would not solve anything."

"My proposal, and Brundage seems to appreciate this idea—he has asked me to see AAU members about it—is that each individual federation in each country should buy all equipment before each important amateur meet and that each federation should try to get the best possible equipment for every athlete, even if it is obliged to buy different brands of shoes for different events. This doesn't mean the federation has to pay for the shoes. I am sure each manufacturer would deliver the shoes free to the federation. In this case the individual dealings between athletes and manufacturers are eliminated. It could work out to our disadvantage. They could choose an American brand. But it would end the payoffs."

On his way back to Germany, Horst stopped in New York and went over everything again with Ollan Cassell, including his proposed solution. (Horst cannot imagine a knowledgeable, impartial judge or committee choosing a shoe inferior to Adidas.) In November the International Amateur Athletic Federation reportedly wrote a letter to its 16 council members, asking them to vote on the all-white shoe for important competitions. Rudolf Dassler, slick as ever, sent a letter to Avery Brundage agree-

ing to supply such a shoe for future Olympics, providing all manufacturers agreed to do the same and agreed not to use Olympic results in advertising or for commercial gain. Apparently, Rudolf, too, had come to realize the folly of the payoff system. (Ten percent of the medal winners was a poor return on the Puma dollar.) Now it is believed that the IAAF will approve the all-white shoe this month.

In reviewing the personal and corporate agony of two feuding families and the lengths to which their vendetta has taken them, it would be perfectly reasonable for the reformer to conclude that they have suborned athletes on such a grand scale that, being safe from legal action, they deserve at least to have the tongues of all their shoes cut out. Obviously, this isn't the answer.

Neither is it proper to conclude that the athletes were ready for corruption, which they were—have been, still are. The names of athletes who admitted their sins have been withheld here, because incriminating only some of those who have taken payoffs would be unfair, except possibly to people who enjoy public hangings.

Nor is it enough to say that shortsighted, ineffectual ruling bodies are more involved with self-perpetuation than service, which they seem to be, and that officials are not tuned to the athletes and their needs, which they are not.

What must be admitted is that the amateur athlete is an anachronism. An amateur today is the holding accountant who runs laps at the Y and finishes 168th in the Boston Marathon. Nobody would pay to see him run. The gold medal winner who is whisked around the world gratifying fans in Cologne, Göteborg and Madison Square Garden is quite another breed. The mistake that has been made is to pretend to ignore, even to condemn this difference.

In Africa the amateur athlete who is good enough is usually a police inspector or an army lieutenant who spends 90% of his time training. In Pakistan many of the members of the Olympic field-hockey team work for Pakistan International Airlines. In Communist-bloc countries there are no "professional"

sports, and the "amateurs" are subsidized by the state. German athletes get help from an Olympic association, the French from their government. The crack Japanese women's volleyball team works together in a textile plant near Osaka and practices volleyball every day after work.

Athletes visiting America chuckle at the imposture of the athletic scholarship, not because it is immoral but because it pretends to be something it is not. Question! What is the difference between an athlete performing for a \$13,000 scholarship (including food, books, room, laundry money and please sign right here, son) and Jim Thorpe playing baseball for \$60 a month prior to the 1912 Olympics?

Mike Agostini, formerly an outstanding runner for Villanova, once wrote in this magazine (justifying his "take-home pay as an amateur sprinter") that the amateur ideal begins to fade the moment the first paying spectator takes his seat in the stands. Excluding the fan, the athlete is, ideally, the only unpaid party in a stadium of promoters, ticket takers, hot-dog vendors, sportswriters and TV crews. Networks pay enormous sums to televise amateur sporting events (\$6.5 million for the Olympic Games). CBS recently signed a contract to televise 10 outdoor track meets in 1969, guaranteeing the AAU a minimum of \$440,000.

The athlete sees himself as being cheated and he cheats. He accepts what Rudolf Dassler calls that "necessary remuneration." Customarily, he approaches (or is approached by) the meet promoters, who were on the payoff scene long before the brothers Dassler made their bow, and are still the steadiest source of income. Wes Santee used to say that the only athletes who aren't paid are the ones who aren't good enough. "Almost every meet, here and abroad, is dirty, if you want to call it that," says an American athlete who makes the circuit whenever he can. To this an international star adds: "I get paid at about 70% of the meets in the U.S., indoors and outdoors. I don't ask for anything but if I'm offered, I accept. If it's \$100, I take it. If it's \$500, I take it. But I don't ask." The best payoffs have always been in Scandinavia (\$2,000 tops).

Another way an athlete can make money is through the widely flaunted prize system. One runner returned a type-

writer, a tape recorder and a couple of TV sets before finally accepting a silver service. He was getting married.

One of the athlete's legitimate rewards is the junket, but even here he often feels cheated. When Tommie Smith and decathlon champion Bill Toomey were asked to a meet in Australia, the AAU told them they could not go without a chaperon. However, the Australian sponsor could not afford a third air fare. Toomey, who was 27 years old at the time, had to stay home. The AAU chaperon was in his 70s. When he got on the plane in Los Angeles, he turned to Smith and inquired, "What event do you run, son?"

History shows, however, that sniping at officials of amateur sport has no lasting value. Officials last longer. (Brandage is 81; Dan Ferris, president emeritus of the AAU, is 79.) It would be far better to sympathize with their dilemma. They are ineffectual because they are in an imperfect position that forces them to traffic in duplicity—talking on the one hand of the absolutes of amateurism and on the other of the absolute necessity of lucrative TV contracts and multimillion-dollar Olympic events that attract 8,000 athletes and are so expensive to put together that it will not be long before only the U.S. will be able to afford them.

What is needed is a relatively simple—if soul-wrenching—decision: to redefine, once and for all, what we mean by "amateur." To bring the word up to date.

"It is time," says Toomey, "for athletes to take money and be open and honest or to not take it. The hypocrisy is what's killing us, not the money." There are many avenues to travel. The legitimate raising of expenses. A greater tolerance for prize giving. The right of an athlete to capitalize on his name. Everybody else does—promoters, fund raisers, officials—why shouldn't he? It belongs to him. Perhaps professional-amateur distinctions should be eliminated altogether, or the competitors could designate themselves as either pros or amateurs and compete together, as in golf.

In any case, the "sneaking whispering" that dismayed that fine old hammer thrower Hal Connolly and made him vow never to wear a track shoe he didn't buy or make himself is over. The *Sportschuhfabrikanten* have, in a sense, come clean. What next? Whatever, the shoe is now on the other foot. **END**

PROMISES PROMISES—AND MORE

American girls threatened foreign champions on ice and on slopes, but our boys did even better—Billy Kidd won the slalom event at Squaw Valley, Tim Wood the world figure-skating title at Colorado Springs **by BOB OTTUM**

As startling as this is going to sound, there were two gangs of kids last week who made news without destroying a campus, kicking a cop or lighting up a stick of pot. Strange kids. What they did do was stand off an invasion of the best European athletes in a couple of tough sports. One of them was Billy Kidd (*opposite*), an economics major out of Vermont, who laced up a badly wrenched left ankle and won a World Cup slalom race after everybody had written him off. Another was Tim Wood, 20, a prelaw student, who laced up and won the world figure skating title with a performance that rendered adherents of that sport speechless.

And as if that were not enough, there were all the girls in the gangs, this great gaggle of tender youngsters who did not win much of anything—but who would not quit.

All these things happened in a sort of winter carnival out West. The World Figure Skating Championships were fought out against the gold and brocade backdrop of the old Broadmoor hotel in Colorado Springs, and the World Cup ski circuit crossed the Atlantic after 2½ months of European competitions and moved into Squaw Valley, Calif., which has been so buried by Sierra storms that it is now the world's biggest snowbank. Both events carry an Olympic prestige in this off year and, for both, the rest of the world had sent its toughest competitors to give us our lumps.

In skating, the main job was to find new champions to replace American Peggy Fleming and Wolfgang Schwartz of Austria, both of whom had turned professional after winning the Olympics. In skiing, the push is still on to find out who can come closest to Austria's Karl Schranz, who has the men's World Cup locked up, or to overtake Austria's Gertraud Gabl, who is leading the girls after 14 races.

In Colorado Springs, the foreign legion was headed by Gaby Seyfert, 20, from a town called Karl-Marx-Stadt in East Germany. Gaby was so mad when she lost to Peggy Fleming at the Olympics that she went right home and lost 35 pounds. She has also been practicing her skating, and now, slim and stunning, her honey-blond hair piled up in non-Communist curls, she was ready. That was clear right from the first interview.

Reporter, "Do you think you could beat Peggy if she were still competing this year?"

Gaby: "Peggy who?"

The two other girls who might have had a chance at the title were out of it. European runner-up Hana Maskova, a lovely Czech, had withdrawn with a wrenched back, and Karen Magnussen, a Canadian, had leg injuries. Who among skating's junior-miss set could muster the assurance to challenge Gaby? Well, there were two U.S. teen-agers who wanted a run at her.

"I'm going to put a bunch of tough stuff into my program—I like to show the judges some real content," said Janet Lynne. And, "This world competition really psychs me up. Boy, I'm ready," said Julie Holmes.

Funny thing, but they hardly seemed like the girls for the job. Janet is 15 years old, was the youngest girl on the U.S. team at Grenoble and looks as though she may be majoring in gamine. She comes on about waist-high, wearing a fluffy little blonde haircut and big eyes, but still not ready to have what is politely called a figure. And Julie Holmes, at 17, serves up green eyes, dark hair and dimples, with a fragile look that will one day blow men's minds. Fragile they may look, but beneath all this both are made of pure steel.

Janet emerged from recent competition as both U.S. and North American champion. Julie was just .05 of a point

off the pace to win second in the U.S. meet. Both of them skate routines full of the sort of high-flying, spinning, twisting things that scare nonskaters to death. Last Thursday night it was up to them to take on Gaby.

Figure skating is split up the competitive middle. First the skaters must run through a series of compulsory maneuvers to show that they know an inside edge from their left ear. The arduous and exacting school figures count for half their score. Then there is a swinging ender, in which competitors risk everything on a series of grand jumps and leaps. Gaby, wearing a costume the color of a lime Popsicle, glided into the finale, with a strong edge on the Americans.

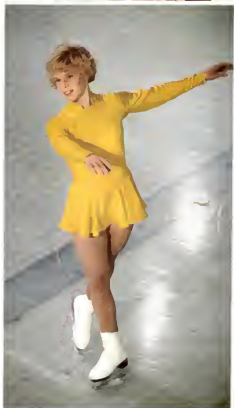
Then, halfway through her free-skating routine, coming off the No. 4 turn and down the straightaway povel—Gaby was suddenly bouncing on her backside, looking a lot more startled than she had at any time since she had come so town, as though her tale might actually be at stake. She got up, turned on a sort of stunned, automatic smile and finished fast. Julie and Janet, smiling sweetly, came on, in fourth and fifth spots in the schools, and did their own thing. And well. Except that Janet popped out of her double lutz, which is not as sexy as it sounds. She had come off the ice in what was to be two turns, high in the air, and made only one. Julie, the only girl in world competition who can do a little meanie called a double inside axel—a leap so difficult that most girls will not try it—finished to a standing ovation. Then everyone waited for the scores.

Seyfert won, naturally—what is a little pratfall among us international judges?

continued

Kidd overcame a wrenched ankle and a Sierra blizzard to beat the best of the European skiers in the World Cup slalom at Squaw Valley.





es?—and got the gold medal. Austria's Beatrix Schuba was next; a Hungarian, Zsuzsa Almassy, was third. But there, in fourth and fifth spots, close enough to be considered real world threats at last, were Julie and Janet.

They did what all girls do. Janet cried just a little, then blew her nose, ate a cough drop and put on a brave smile for everyone. Julie shrugged gracefully inside her hot-pink costume and said, "I'm going to a party tonight. I'm going to change into my jeans and T shirt and be real ugly for a while."

The next night Tim Wood shook the Europeans down to their outside edges, winning the gold medal with a series of jumps, spins, flying, twisting things that looked like he might have made them up in midair, and landed with three perfect scores, which judges do not ordinarily award. "Now, then," he said, sitting down and kicking off his skates. "What am I going to do now that I'm the new world champion? Well, first thing I'm going to do is go skiing, that's what. If I break a leg now it won't matter."

But if it did not matter too much to winner Wood, it mattered a great deal across the Rockies in Squaw Valley. There, another crew of young men and another stand of eager young girls were fighting off the Europeans on another sort of stage.

Of all the times for this to happen, this was the year of the big snow at Squaw Valley. National Park Superintendent Dick Johnson pointed out the area has 375.6 inches so far this season, and when the ski circus came straggling in behind the plows there were 125 inches of snow on the valley floor, more than 500 inches on top of the surrounding peaks and drifts more than 25 feet high on all sides. The chance of holding a World Cup downhill race was suddenly out of the question. People trying to stamp out the course kept dropping right out of sight. Chief course-setter and FIS technical delegate Willy Schaeffler finally pulled everyone back into the lodge, which was a sort of two-story basement somewhere under the snow, and decided they would try a giant slalom instead. The special slaloms, he said, would go on as scheduled.

Baby Beyfert (upper left) skated to victory. But two U.S. teens—Janet Lyon (far left) and Julie Holmes, are nominees to her crown.

And, as more snow piled on, hiding the slalom course from the spectators and making it a mystery run for the racers, the competition began. There is every reason to believe that if slalom contests were made up of one run, American girls would be the darlings of the ski world. As it is, however, it takes two runs down a twisty, treacherous slope to make an event, and terrible things always happen to our girls. After the first run down—"You couldn't even see the first gate from the start," said blonde Penny McCoy—the U.S. had five girls right there in the first 10. Then came the second run. Tall, blonde Penny Northrup, 17, who had been in second place after the first run, raced right into a hole up to her kneecaps in the soft snow. Little Barbara Cochran, 18, who had been third the first time down, missed a gate in the storm. So did Kiki Cutter, 19, a tiny waif with a deceptively delicate look. So did 17-year-old Patty Boydston, and finally, when the event was all over, a 17-year-old Washingtonian, Judy Nagel, had salvaged third place. But Austria's Berni Rauter had won it all. "Snow didn't bother me at all," she said. Other girls can grow to hate someone like that.

Just dandy. Since this has been so obviously Austria's big year in ski racing, it was now left up to the U.S. boys to do something. After all, it was our mountain this time.

Enter Billy Kidd. Interne, shaggy-haired Kidd had to be the unluckiest candidate for a hero's role. In spite of the fact that he is the country's foremost racer when whole, he has suffered a series of injuries that began back in the pre-Grenoble days when he was beating Jean-Claude Killy when nobody else was beating Killy. This season Kidd wrenched the trick ankle so badly, popping muscles and tendons and all sorts of things, that he had to limp off the team after the Hahnenkamms at Kitzbühel and come home for treatment. "I told the doctor I wanted to rejoin the team at Squaw," Kidd said. "And the doctor told me there was no way."

Still, there he was last Friday, with the U.S. ski world's most important ankle wrapped up, ready to race again. Starting 15th in the first run of the slalom, he slashed his way down into third spot, behind Frenchman Alain Penz and teammate Spider Sabich. "I don't know how he did it with all those holes on

the course," said Canadian Peter Duncan. For the second run everybody assembled somewhere up in the storm again. And Kidd, this time starting first, came swooshing through the gates, just as though he had two good legs. "I had to stand up and go slowly," he said. Some slowly. His combined time put him in first place and saved the day.

The big tumbling act came Saturday. Schaeffler had set a giant-slalom course for the girls that had the customary series of gates snaking routinely down the hill, but then, at the bottom—surprise—a gate that looked off in another direction.

Little Kiki Cutter fell, bounced higher than the lodge and limped down. "You hurt?" Kidd asked her. She was holding a piece of snow to one cheek. "Oh, I just broke my jaw," she said with a shrug that meant she wasn't hurt at all.

Wyoming's Karen Korfanta fell. "I came to the gate and first thing I knew I was on my head," she explained. Everybody fell—six, seven, who knows how many in all. But not Marilyn Cochran, who got through the gate safely, pulled up at the finish line and panted. "How did I do?" She had finished second behind Florence Steurer of France, that's how.

In the windup, the next closest American was Julie Wolcott, 17, in ninth place. And in World Cup points, in spite of the fact that Cochran is ahead in the season's giant-slalom runs, it was still Austria's Gabi leading with an overall 131. The closest American girl is Cutter—but eighth place is a long way back.

Then the men closed out the day, with Reinhard Tritscher—Austria again—winning the giant slalom. Karl Schranz was fourth, not that it mattered to his World Cup future; Sabich was fifth and Kidd sixth.

All told, it had been a wild winter weekend, boys and girls together taking on Europe's best. We had come out of it with a couple of dramatic victories, some near misses, a lot of bumps and bruises and some promise for the future. The kids aren't worried. Well, not the little girls, anyway. Julie and Janet are certain to improve in skating. So, it would seem, are the skiers. Kiki Cutter, with that devastating smile, knows. "The American team is the strongest girl team right now," she said. "Oh, we fall down a lot and have some bad luck. But we really are the best."

END



JERRY KROLL, A SOLID PLAYER DAVIDSON CAN RELY ON WHEN MIKE MALDY (18) IS ROUGHED OUT, GRABS A REBOUND AGAINST VMI

NOBODY WAITS ON THIS LEFTY

Nobody would dare. With a minimum of scholarships and a maximum of tough talk, ex-door-to-door salesman Lefty Driesell has again put his scholarly Davidson Wildcats into the NCAA playoffs **by MYRON COPE**

For Charles (Lefty) Driesell and his Davidson Wildcats the obligation to play in last week's eight-team Southern Conference championship tournament made about as much sense as Billy Conn's calamitous 1942 kitchen brawl with his father-in-law. Having nothing to gain by a victory over the old man, the world light-heavyweight champ nevertheless let fly a haymaker. He broke his hand on pop's hard skull, thereby bringing about a four-year postponement of a million-dollar title fight with Joe Louis. Bound by conference rules to risk a similar fate, fifth-ranked Davidson traveled 20 miles down the road to Charlotte, N.C. to take on weakling members of the conference family, knowing that failure to lick them would mean the loss of a shot at the national championship.

Davidson was 22-2 in regular-season play, 9-0 in conference competition. Obscure East Carolina, with the next-best

record in the field, was 15-10 and 9-2. Davidson would have to win three games in as many nights to take the tournament—or, in other words, to qualify for the NCAA playoffs. And, as Lefty Driesell well knew, basketball teams are even more prone than fighters to experience bad nights. (Indeed, against a so-so Iowa club this season, his boys had missed their first 15 shots and were beaten.) But try to convince his players? Hard-pressed for pep-talk material in the moments before the tournament opener with VMI (5-17), Driesell fetched only smirks when he declared with a straight face: "Look at it this way. This game is the first of an eight-game tournament for the national championship."

For Driesell, a 6' 5" agonizer who is losing his hair at 36, a defeat at this point conceivably could have brought an ignominious end to his magical Davidson career. Maryland was trying to steal him with a fat contract. "Rumors,

just rumors," he insisted. But if he had it in mind to say yes to Maryland, then he was about to lay down his own remarkable creation—a basketball dynasty (ranked among the nation's top 10 in four of the last six years) fashioned from bona fide scholars. Elegant Davidson College admits no athletic tramps. Yet Driesell has turned out aggressive, hard-running outfits that explode their way to the hoop and on defense play as diligently as deputies escorting dangerous felons. Going to his scrubs as early as the first half, Driesell watched his latest class blast VMI out of the conference tournament 99-75.

Richmond was the Wildcats' opponent the following night and opted to counter Davidson's burly-burly style with Greenfield Jimmy Smith tactics, Greenfield Jimmy having been not only the father of Billy Conn's wife, but a sweet counterpuncher who put Billy in dark glasses after the kitchen caper. Although

not quite that belligerent, Richmond showed and elbowed energetically enough to hold Mike Maley, Davidson's skinny, 6' 7" All-America, to six rebounds. But Davidson is nothing if not balanced and deep, so husky Doug Cook pulled down 15, versatile Jerry Kroll grabbed nine and, before going to the bench for their deserved rest, the Wildcats regulars laid the foundation for a 97-83 victory.

In the Saturday-night final East Carolina—also advancing according to form—would make the last effort to deprive the Southern Conference of its only suitable representative to the NCAA playoffs. Coach Tom Quinn, a roosterish, gum-chewing man wearing mod blue that, on him, looks like Prohibition gangster attire, brought his team out in a zone, which Davidson immediately shot to pieces from inside and out with a five-man barrage. In little more than five minutes the Wildcats led 21-11. "Get in there and throw your damn shoulders," Quinn yelled at his men. He might better have suggested grenades. The high point of the game—the final score was 102-76—came when Rocky Crosswhite, a pebble-muscled 6' 9" senior who affects a spit curl and is approximately Driesell's No. 10 man, brought a thunderous roar from the crowd by sinking a free throw for Davidson's 100th point. It was fitting, Davidson's intellectual climate being what it is, that Rocky do the honors. He is a campus literary lion whose essays in *The Davidsonian* frequently slice patches of flesh off the hide of none other than Lefty Driesell.

Following the final buzzer, the Wildcat Club, a group of Davidson alumni, hated that it wished Driesell to stay at Davidson by presenting him with a Thunderbird. He grinned for just an instant, then went to the pressroom, where he announced, "I think we're gonna win the national championship, but I can't do it with my mouth."

Nine years ago when Davidson hired Driesell from a field of two candidates, college officials had absolutely no intention of going after championships. In the season immediately preceding Driesell's 1960 arrival, Davidson had lost to Erskine, Catawba and Pfeiffer. Such defeats were not of themselves particularly distressing to the college, athletics being held lightly in the total scheme of things, but a measure of mild concern grew out of the fact that the misnamed Wildcats had not enjoyed a winning sea-

son in 11 years. In fact, they had been whipped six consecutive times by—good Lord!—the McCrary Eagles. It would be nice to start winning a few games, though not so many as to become coarsc.

Driesell looked like the right man for the job—competent but undistinguished. The son of a Norfolk, Va. jeweler, he had played basketball at Duke, averaging only 5.1 points as a senior and, at the time Davidson interviewed him, was 27 and coaching at Newport News High. There he had run up a string of 57 straight victories, a record that ought to have put Davidson officials on their toes but instead was dismissed as flash-in-the-pan high school stuff.

Driesell accepted a salary of \$6,000, which, though \$200 higher than his high school pay, represented a slash in earnings. At Newport News he had made \$2,000 extra a year peddling encyclopedias door to door. Davidson President D. Grier Martin, now retired, told him he could give out 11 scholarships—at least nine fewer than collegiate powers generally allot—over a four-year period and tendered him the customary advice that the college would ask nothing more than "a representative team." Driesell nodded. He did not bother to tell President Martin the source of his coaching philosophy, namely, one Julie Conn—no relation to Billy, but a man of similar temperament.

"Behind at the half one time," says Driesell, "Julie went into the dressing room steaming. He punched a locker and busted up his hand something terrible. It was just dripping blood. Then he went from one player to another and shook that bloody fist under each guy's nose and said, 'Look what you did to me.' I learned everything I know from Julie."

Yes, closer inspection would have revealed that Lefty Driesell did not blend perfectly into the Davidson environment. Steeped in good breeding and Presbyterian morality, Davidson lies in the red-clay country north of Charlotte, the campus accommodating an orderly assortment of red-brick buildings fronted by white Georgian columns. The administration, an alumnus named Don Bryant recalls, used to forbid students to engage in Sunday sports until, at last, tennis was declared permissible, provided one did not keep score. The Davidson student body, to this day limited to 1,000 or so males, is expected to get on



THE NEW DRIESSELL REINS HIMSELF IN

with the business of becoming doctors, lawyers, ministers, successful merchants or scholars. Davidson ranks eighth among the nation's liberal-arts colleges in Rhodes scholarships won. Intellectuals, then, were what Driesell gazed upon when he called his first squad together.

Scowling, he straightaway told the players, "I understand you guys care more about your fraternity teams than this varsity. That is gonna stop." He harangued them for a solid two hours, during which he declared, "I have never lost an opener, and I don't intend to start now. So, first of all, we will beat Wake Forest." Titters ran across the room. Yet by the time Driesell finished grating his fraternity boys through preseason training, they realized they had better beat Wake Forest. So they did, playing heads-up, letter-perfect ball from sheer fright. That season they won nine games and lost 14, while Driesell whipped the faculty into a mood roughly approximating that of Adolf Eichmann's jury.

Professors, administrators and alumni blanched when an incensed Driesell launched himself off the bench, hiked his left knee to his chin and then brought his foot to the floor with a crash that threatened to take him directly to the boiler room. "It was terrible public re-

continued

lations," says ex-President Martin, a tall, courtly man, himself once a Davidson basketball player. "It really became a major issue. I asked Lefty to have a chat with me."

The chat failed, so additional chatting followed. "This led to some improvement but not enough," says Dr. Martin, who had his hands full holding Davidson brass at bay.

"In Lefty's second season, I believe it was, I finally decided I'd have to put this whole picture on the line and convince him that unless he could stop these things he would not be our coach."

Driesell got the message. He did not exactly become the embodiment of Davidson manners, but at court-side he restrained himself just enough to quiet the professors lest they discover the subversive steps he was taking behind the scenes to make Davidson a winner. For example, the night his winless charges lost the sixth straight game of the 1961-62 season he sent them to bed without a meal. The hunger drive being what it is, they immediately rang up a victory over Mississippi College in the consolation game of something called the Oglethorpe Invitational. Driesell rewarded them with a steak dinner and promised them a steak for every succeeding victory. They reeled off 10 more wins, and Driesell was going broke.

The trouble was that from the be-

gining he had been trying to build a basketball program on a puny recruiting budget of \$500 and had found defeats a handy excuse for feeding the team pimento-cheese sandwiches and depositing the bulk of the squad's meal money into his recruiting coffers. "When we beat Richmond for our 11th straight," says one of Lefty's early players, now an attorney, "it was a real upset. After the game he said, 'Y'know, boys, I didn't expect you to win this one. Will you settle for fish tonight?'"

Strapped though he was, Driesell very early had begun to turn up in far-flung towns around the nation, wherever prospects existed. His wife, Joyce, seldom saw him. Usually he drove an old Chevy station wagon owned by the college. He parked overnight in filling stations, sleeping on a mat in the back of the wagon, a pistol for protection within reach. At dawn he would shave in the rest room, then express his gratitude for the filling station's hospitality by purchasing a dollar's worth of gas.

Among the Davidson official family, Admissions Director H. Edmunds White was one of the few to befriend Driesell in those days, though at times he wondered why. His duties required him to attend national conferences and visit high schools in distant regions. "There were numerous occasions," White says, "when Lefty would ask me where I was

going next. I would say, 'Well, I'm flying to Chicago for a College Boards meeting.'" Next thing White knew, he would be driving to Chicago, Driesell's lanky frame seated alongside him. "I have eaten dinner at hot-dog stands and stayed in motels, terrible places," White recalls, pain written across his face, "because Lefty would say, 'That's all the money I got.'"

Driesell knew he would succeed because, for one thing, he stood ready to work harder than his rivals. "I learned selling encyclopedias that if you make enough calls," he says, "someone will just take one outta your hand." Secondly, he knew he had a valuable package to offer—a top-caliber education at Davidson. He learned to use Davidson's staff, unrelenting academic requirements to attract brash athletes and destroy the losing tradition that many on the faculty had grown to prize as a barometer of institutional integrity.

To get his program rolling, Driesell calculated he needed a player with genuine All-America potential. Fred Hetzel—now with the Cincinnati Royals but then a Washington, D.C. schoolboy—was the boy he zeroed in on. Driesell promised Hetzel that his funny little Wildcats one day soon would be booking their home games into the 11,666-seat Charlotte Coliseum, an arena capable of accommodating all of Davidson's living alumni with some 2,000 seats to spare. Hetzel was not convinced of that, but he was persuaded to sign his surrender on a letter of intent. Driesell immediately announced to the Hetzel family, "O.K., let's go to the best place in Washington y'all know." The bill came to \$52. After Driesell dredged up all the cash he had, the proprietor—because he knew the Hetzels—consented to accept Driesell's check for the balance. "That night," he says, "I slept in a Gulf station on the Shirley highway outside of Washington."

In Hetzel's sophomore year (and Driesell's third at the college) the Wildcats won 20 games, a development sufficiently alarming to spur Davidson intellectuals to action. Accordingly, early the following season a fraction of faculty and student leaders called a 10 p.m. meeting in the college union to consider termination of subsidized athletics. The team itself was in Columbus, Ohio to play a powerful Ohio State team that had won 50 straight games at home.



PLAYERS RON STELZER (LEFT) AND FOX DuMondsey (RIGHT) ENJOY LAUGH WITH MALOY

An appeal to the person who drinks Chivas Regal at everyone's house but his own:

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Across the Davidson campus, radios were tuned to a broadcast of the game. Minutes before 10, the Wildcats achieved the unthinkable—victory by a lopsided margin of 22 points. The meeting at the college union was canceled.

That third team won 22 and lost four. Newspapers down the road in Charlotte reluctantly conceded that they would have to live with Driesell who, as his own publicist, had established himself as the area pest. "He used to harass the newspapers," said Charlotte *Observer* columnist Mel Derrick, as he sat in a motel room with Driesell not long ago. "He'd call up and yell about getting a two-column headline instead of a three-column headline."

"I still do," Driesell snapped. "He phoned us only this week, complaining about our choice of verbs." Derrick went on. "He was burned up because one of our headlines said, NORTH CAROLINA BUSTERS N.C. STATE, and another said, DAVIDSON STRUGGLES BY ST. JOE'S."

From their 22 victories in 1963-64, the Wildcats went on in subsequent seasons to win 24, 22, 15 ("I tried to be a nice guy that year," Driesell explains), then 24, and thus far in the current campaign 25.

Davidson's schedule became big time, but not in every instance was this effected with Carolinian gentility. For example, in 1964, after Davidson had lost

to Duke in Durham for the third straight time, Driesell burst from the dressing room to tell a startled group of sportswriters, "If he"—meaning Duke Coach Vic Bubas—"doesn't come to my place next year, he's yellow."

Two days afterward he issued a public apology to Bubas. "Yeah, under pressure from the college president," Derrick reminds Driesell.

"No," he wails, "may God strike me dead. Ain't nobody pressurin' me." In truth President Martin had become delighted with Davidson's basketball growth and, Driesell confides with a wink, privately had presented him with an honorary Davidson degree commending him for calling Bubas yellow. Last month Bubas at last brought his Duke team to play Davidson in the Charlotte Coliseum, delivering to the Wildcats their 21st victim of the season.

In recent years Driesell's wealth has multiplied, thanks to public appearances, a television show and a lucrative summer basketball camp that he operates on campus. But there remain pockets of strong resistance to his program. Witness the fact that his meager allotment of scholarships has risen but little, from 11 to 14.6. Since Dr. Martin's retirement last summer, the college has had a new president, Dr. Samuel Reid Spencer, who shows up for basketball games but has refused to indicate the extent of his enthusiasm. So it follows that, as the Wildcats prepare to meet Villanova in the NCAA Eastern Regionals at Raleigh Saturday, Driesell may be using the attractive offer from Maryland to wedge more scholarships out of the Davidson administration and to learn where President Spencer stands.

Whatever the future holds for Lefty, his works are in the record to marvel at. From the ashes of defeat at the hands of Pfeiffer, he has taken Davidson to 174 victories and only 64 defeats. Correct Davidson men may wince when they recall that as late as last summer Driesell played ritzy Greenbrier golf course of Sulphur Springs in his bare feet, because his shoes pinched. Driesell's players, far more erudite than he, sometimes snicker at his grammar and his misuse of words. But they had better believe him when Lefty Driesell points both index fingers at them like sn-guns and growls, "I may be dumb, but I am not stupid."

END



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GOLDEN DAYS THAT SUSTAIN THE DREAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

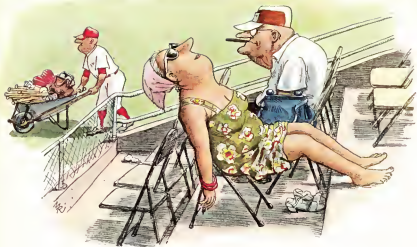
The old bullpen coach sits on a metal chair in the sun, chewing his tobacco and hollering at some young pitcher, "Hone, Babe, real good day to work." It is the most ancient of baseball's spring cries of encouragement and it comes from a man who is thinking earnestly of the day's end and a can of beer to cut the dust stuck in his throat. The thirst of the aging fielder (right), battling nature and rusty hinges for a long fly ball, is for one more major league season. For him and for the spirited rookies and the rusting citizens with memories, the first weeks of spring training are the treasured days. As seen by Artist Michael Ramus, their world is essentially young. With the harsh reality of the exhibition schedule still mindless eons away, all things seem possible.





First days in the sun, everybody gets into the act—endorsement boys, autograph hounds, beauty queens, TV interviewers and overweight volunteers shagging balls.





THE BEST TIMES NEED NO REASON



To some the early days mean only the sun and rooms that rent for \$38 a day, double occupancy; to others they represent the chance to soak up something more profound that will be recalled during the cool nights of September when the pennant drives catch fire and a man can sit in his easy chair and recall how the kid who is now a force in the race had looked so good to him in early March in Phoenix or Clearwater or West Palm Beach. Honest men, however, realize that a great problem of the early days is that nearly everyone looks good and that *all* the watchers are eventually deceived. Not many years ago *The Baltimore Sun* gave its readers an eight-column example on its sports pages of how boundless the initial enthusiasms can be. TRIANGLES HITS FOUR OFF IRON MIKE headlined the *Sun*. Iron Mike is the pitching machine.

Without paying a dime, however, a person can walk into any of the camps before the exhibition games begin and sit for two or three hours just watching the individual skills of the ballplayers. After a few visits the close observer can see some players ruining their chances of making the team by leaning their shoulder blades against the outfield fence

and taking a few too many trips to the water cooler.

But the man who truly cares about his baseball will merely watch all the time-honored idiosyncrasies and never seek explanations. "We do things the way we do them," Coach Tony Cuccinello, who has been going to spring training for more than 40 years, once said, "because that is the way we do them."

Oh, NASA or IBM—or, perhaps, the National Labor Relations Board—could change a lot of things about spring training, technologically speaking, and make them better, but they would not really be. The catching equipment comes onto the field in a wheelbarrow, the batting-practice balls are placed beside the pitching mound in a plastic laundry basket or a supermarket shopping cart and the shrewd coach loops miles of rubber bands around his fungo bat to put more spin on grounders. The chewing tobacco and bubble gum sit side by side on a small table in the clubhouse, not as representations of a generation gap, for Willie Mays chews bubble gum and Tommy Helms "chaws." They are there because they always seemed to have been there.

Losers of the year before try every

form of new device while the winners stand pat. The pitchers will not be able to hunt any better in the early days than they do when the pressure is on them in August, and all a manager can do is make them try all over again.

Aaron and Oliva, Yastrzemski and Clemente will produce a different sound of bat meeting ball than the bad hitters, a kind of "pop" that experienced ears will hear. The roar of Leo Durocher will be louder during this time than at any other as he teaches the youngsters *his* way. The boy-man who dares defy him will be, in the Lip's loud words, *long gone*. This spring there will be four new teams: the Seattle Pilots, Montreal Expos, San Diego Padres and Kansas City Royals and, in frustration, one manager may address his aspirants with the same words Casey Stengel once used on his young Mets. "Gentlemen, this is a baseball!" To which, Choo-Choo Coleman, because this was baseball and tradition had to be respected, replied with the hoary, "Hey, Skip, aren't you rushing us a little?" Ask anyone who has been around the camps and he will tell you the early days are the best.

—WILLIAM LEGGERT

The gaffer is a contented man. It does not cost him a cent to watch the famous athletes while his wife soaks in the warm sun. But the senior lady is not so sure that she is content with the frisky fellow in her lobby.



The world auto-racing champion writes of danger and death—and the fulfillment which gives him

SERENITY ON THE EDGE OF DISASTER

by **GRAHAM HILL**
with **GWILYM S. BROWN**

I can't remember the last time I missed a good night's sleep, and I haven't had a bad dream since I was a boy of 7—over 30 years ago. This may seem a strange statement for someone in the supposedly hazardous sport of motor racing to make, but the fact is that our sport, which undeniably has its element of risk, simply isn't the fantastically dangerous thing that most people make it out to be. Besides, I probably have a built-in safety valve, a safety valve in reverse, if you like, that keeps me from lying awake nights worrying about the day to come. I think just about everyone does. We are constantly being hit over the head with reports on the fatalities on the road and the fatalities in the air, so you could easily believe that just getting through the day was a pretty risky adventure. But you can't go through life thinking that you're going to cop it at any moment. If you did you'd never get out of bed in the morning—and then the roof probably would cave in. It's easy enough to believe when you leave the house at the beginning of the day that you might never make it back.

But it is human nature not to believe

such a thing, and nobody does. This thinking applies to the people in some pretty risky professions: astronauts, fighter pilots, test pilots, steeplejacks, football players, racing drivers. We all know our jobs, what our function is, and, usually with very good reason, we put a great deal of faith in the people who provide us with the equipment we use. We expect that things are going to turn out well, and they usually do. Despite the popular impression, we do not live with fear.

In my own case, the reason is that I get such enormous enjoyment out of motor racing. I get pleasure out of driving sports cars and saloon cars, but what is really the top of the tree as far as I'm concerned is the single-seat Formula 1 racing car. Here is a finely balanced machine. It is a powerful machine, of course, and it requires extremely sensitive control. It is the control of this machine, and the control over yourself that is required to control the machine, that creates the tremendous appeal that the sport has for us. We are executing a very fine balancing act on the edge of disaster, if you like, and it is an absorbing struggle that leaves very little room for worry-

ing about the various dangers involved.

To help you understand what I'm trying to get at, let me explain about the most difficult part of our job, taking a car at high speed through a corner. At 180 mph, say, I'm approaching a corner that I'm going to have to take at 120. Somehow I have to lose 60 mph. I have to find a point where I can brake without unbalancing the car too much or losing too much speed—and thus precious seconds—to my opponents. I barely touch the brakes. I mustn't allow the wheels to lock. I must keep the car in balance, a balance that will vary, depending on how much fuel I have in the car and how flat or how dry the surface of the track is. By the time I have finished braking I have also probably dropped down one gear.

I go through the corner on the finest, fastest line I can find while balancing the car against the centrifugal force that is trying to throw the car to the outside of the track. I am balancing the car on the four little patches of rubber that are my contact with the track, and I am trying to employ the maximum amount of grip these four patches of rubber can provide. If I make a small mistake I can

continued



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make a correction, but a major mistake. Like taking the corner too fast or locking the brakes, will almost certainly cause the car to spin or to fly off the track. Of course, I don't want to go too slowly either.

This is the balancing act I spoke of, controlling this superb, powerful machine in such a way that it goes through the corner on the fastest line at near the fastest possible speed. When it is done right the result is a great feeling of accomplishment. You have thrown down a challenge that the other drivers must now try to beat.

This competitive feeling is something that all drivers must have, and it is another element that keeps our minds off the dangers of racing, such as they are. You must be thoroughly competitive to enjoy motor racing. If you don't want to win you will be asking yourself, "What am I doing here?" You must want to beat the clock, the circuit and the other drivers. You must do your utmost to win, to drive yourself and your car near the limit all the time. So not only do you get the benefit of all that lovely feeling of control and the pleasure of driving a car, but if you are lucky enough and good enough you also get the satisfaction of beating your opponents. You may even get some pleasure out of the acclaim that comes afterward. It all helps to drive out any fears you might be harboring.

Actually there is little reason to harbor very many fears. You must keep in mind that, though we are traveling at terrifically fast speeds, we are tuned in to those speeds and can handle them. This is similar to a cricket player who starts out a new season thinking that the ball is coming at him like a streak of lightning. Once he has played himself in, the ball no longer seems to be coming very fast. Suddenly it looks quite large and may even seem to be floating. Zap! Hit for six. The same sensation occurs in motor racing. I don't mean to be rude or sound superior, but if the ordinary citizen was driving a car into a bend at 100 mph he would undoubtedly think that the corner was coming at him at a terrific, terrifying rate of speed. A race driver will approach the same corner at 150 mph and think of the approach as a pretty slow, tame one. His reactions are tuned in to that speed. He is tuned in so thoroughly, in fact, that he can adjust quickly even when some-

thing goes wrong. He can quickly make the necessary corrections. It's all part of the fine balancing act I keep talking about. Any driver who has been traveling along a motor expressway at 70 mph and then turns off onto a country lane knows the feeling. When he drops down to 30 mph the rate of speed seems so slow that he figures he could get out and walk faster.

Simply going at terrific speeds is not what frightens us. In fact the only thing that really does scare us, outside of the unexpected—like sudden car breakdowns or sudden accidents on the track ahead that can't be foreseen—is wet weather. Wet weather is the real bogey in a race driver's life. We get pretty fearful about what can happen when the rain is pouring down and the race circuit is covered with puddles that you don't know about until you're in them. When a car traveling at high speed hits a puddle of water it is likely to start doing what we call aquaplaning. This is a horrible situation. The tires lose their grip on the track, the car begins to skid and spin and car and driver are completely out of control. No amount of driving skill is going to save you. It is like being up on a pair of water skis. Helpless or not, you work like the devil to regain control of the car, and it isn't until afterward that you find out how scared you were. You come out of it feeling pretty weak. It is one of the few times when everything inside you is saying, "Stop, this is ridiculous."

But controlling fear is all part of the challenge of racing, part of its enjoyment even. Somehow or other you must control the feeling of fear and not stiffen up. That would just make matters worse. If you were out there just flogging around on your own no doubt you'd start slowing down, but of course there are other racers driving against you. Maybe you slow down, but it isn't long before you start thinking that the others aren't slowing, that they are going around a lot faster than you. So quite quickly you stop thinking about being afraid and start thinking about how to win.

Wet weather is something that can happen anywhere but, for the most part, each type of race has its own built-in hazards and its own built-in safety factors. They are all different. It is impossible to weigh one against the other so far as the danger is concerned, except to say that, in general, no race is as risky as it



BACKWARD into the Indianapolis wall ("a big help") goes Hill after losing wheel in 1968.

continued

looks. I race at Indianapolis each year, compete in 16 Grand Prix Formula 1 races, drive in about 16 Formula II races and the endurance races like Sebring or Le Mans, plus seven races in the Tasman series. I still couldn't say in which one the risk was the greatest.

At Indianapolis, for instance, you are very safe in the race if you are on your own. In other words, the chances of surviving an accident in which only your car is involved are quite high. The real danger at Indianapolis is getting involved in another driver's accident or of another driver getting involved in yours.

Last year at Indianapolis I had a suspension part break on the 111th lap. The left rear wheel just became detached from the part that was supposed to be holding it on. Well, of course I lost control of the car. I was doing 150 mph through No. 2 turn at the time, and the car swung around and clobbered the wall. I skidded backward along the wall for some distance, eventually came to a stop and was able to climb out.

The wall there is no danger at all, it is a big help. The corners are so big and sweeping that when you go out of control the chances are you will hit the wall a glancing blow and just slide harmlessly along it as I did. (You certainly don't want to hit a wall head-on, as that poor fellow did at Daytona the other day.) The car is a wreck, but at least you can usually walk away from it. If I'd finished up in the middle of the track, on the other hand, it is quite probable that someone would have come plowing into me. It is the secondary impact that is the great danger at Indianapolis—the impact that comes when someone spins out and is hit by the car behind him. The speeds are so high that when something goes wrong immediately ahead there is nowhere to go. It is difficult to take avoiding action at Indianapolis speeds. We do the straightaways at 200, even the corners at 150. There are 33 cars on a track only 2½ miles around—at least early in the race—and so there are always cars up ahead of you. Being in the lead is fine, but it doesn't put you in the clear. You get out in front of the other 32 cars and there is the tail end of the line again, just in front of you. It is a constant business of passing and being passed and the chances of getting involved if someone else goes wrong are very high.

In Grand Prix racing the chances of

getting involved in someone else's accident are very low. The circuits are much longer, generally, than at Indianapolis, and there are fewer cars in each race. Only a certain number of cars per mile of circuit are allowed on the starting grid. At a place like Spa in the Ardennes, for instance, there will be only 20 cars racing over a circuit 8.76 miles long. We go pretty fast, an average lap speed of 150 mph, but the cars come past the starting line only once every 3½ minutes instead of once every 55 or 60 seconds as at Indianapolis. On the typical Grand Prix circuit, with so few cars on such a long lap, things get nicely strung out. You don't get around to lapping other cars too often no matter how good you are. With only 20 cars in the race you also have a very high standard of driver, higher than in any other form of motor racing. It is less likely that things will go wrong. The drivers act more predictably. The chances of getting tangled up with somebody else are greatly reduced.

What you never want to do in Grand Prix racing is leave the track. Very often these circuits, or portions of these circuits, are simply public roads. There are very few nice, cozy retaining walls, as at Indianapolis. For most of each lap you are going very, very fast, and you don't want to leave the track anywhere. You don't want anything going wrong with the car, like having the brakes lock or losing a wheel. You don't want to make a mistake, because when you leave the track you'll go bouncing into trees or into a house or down a gully. This is the terribly sad and tragic thing that happened to Jimmy Clark in a Formula II race at Hockenheim in Germany last year. Jimmy Clark was the greatest race driver in the world, but something happened and he was off the track before he even had a chance to get control of the car.

He went off the track and crashed into a grove of trees. If there had been a retaining wall he probably would have just skidded along it, wrecking his car but surviving the crash.

Jimmy's death was the worst blow I've ever received; it hit me harder than anything else ever has. Race drivers, whatever might be said, are not switched in to that sort of thing, like, say, a soldier fighting in Vietnam. My first feeling was absolute numbness. Maybe this is nature's way of helping you absorb the

shock. It didn't really sink in at first that we weren't going to see Jimmy anymore. Everyone talked about him as if he were still around. It just gradually got through, but until then you did not really know what to feel, if you understand what I mean. Eventually it does get through, and suddenly the whole thing is terribly, terribly sad.

You wouldn't want to drive off the track as Jimmy did in an endurance race or a Formula II or III race either, but that is not the specific risk. These races have their own special hazards. In Formula II and Formula III what you have to contend with are less-skilful, less-experienced drivers. Possibly some of these drivers, especially when they have a chance to beat an established star, will take chances they would not ordinarily take. They will push the car beyond their ability to handle it. Their actions are also less predictable, and the result is an increased chance of making contact with another car, a very nasty thing to have happen. It takes only a slight nudge to throw you completely out of balance. When it happens the car can spin around like a top or do any number of things.

The long endurance races, such as Daytona, Sebring and Le Mans, present an added risk. This special danger is caused by the fact that there are so many different classifications and thus cars capable of a wide variety of speeds. This means quite often that you must overtake at 180 mph a car doing only 120. It is a bit risky. At Le Mans, where there are 55 cars with two drivers each, you are also going to have a wide variety of driving skills. Obviously there are not 110 first-rate drivers, more like 20. So you have many drivers who don't really know too well what they're doing. But in these races we are not driving at ten-tenths effort as we do in the shorter events. It is more like seven-tenths. We are well within ourselves. The whole idea, really, is just to get the car to finish. You get into a nice driving rhythm and stay in it. In Formula I racing we get into a rhythm as well, but there you don't want to get stuck into it too firmly. In some cases a driver finds that when another car shoots by and he has to speed up a little it takes a few laps to make the change. I suppose at Le Mans someone could get locked into a rhythm and not be able to snap out of it quickly when something happens on the track ahead, but this doesn't

continued

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occur too often. Usually there is plenty of time to adjust. At Le Mans the strategy is simply to drive the car at a speed you think, from having driven it in practice, that it can maintain reliably. Then after 12 hours, when the dawn comes up, you assess your position. By that time many of the cars were worried about having packed up. Maybe you have as well. If you haven't, you carry on for another few hours and then make a second assessment. Le Mans can be pretty grueling. It is primarily a team race. You have to sink your own feelings—your desire to drive the car much faster—into the team effort. Always when I have driven at Le Mans I've thought at some point during the race, "What in bloody hell am I doing here?" This is true especially in the early hours of the morning when you are a bit bleary-eyed and it is cold and miserable and probably raining. Mist appears and disappears and never in the same place on the track and always right at eye level so you can't see. Corblimey! You're feeling terrible. But come 4 o'clock, when the race ends, you get a tremendous feeling of satisfaction. If you've finished, that is. Suddenly you're bloody glad you've done the race. It's always the same, that feeling.

Essentially this is true of all the races. Most of us are in the sport because we enjoy it immensely; it gives us pleasure. These rewards are greater than the money you earn. I never race for money. I don't literally sit on the starting line and count the pounds, shillings, pence or watch the odd till strike up as I go round the track each time. I don't race like that. The money is just a very nice byproduct. I consider myself fortunate to get paid for doing something I consider to be a hobby. I reckon that's an achievement.

I must say that being a racing driver has not prevented me from having a family. I think it is important to lead a normal life, and having a family is a very normal thing to do. My wife Bette has the usual apprehensions, but she comes with me to a lot of races on the Continent and never hinders me to stop driving. I certainly wouldn't want her to, because I would just have to ignore her and that would be a source of friction.

No doubt about it, Bette is a steady influence, and so are our children, Brigitte, Damon and Samantha. Note

that I said steady, not slowing. I don't say to myself, "I miss my children," as I go into a fast corner—and so perhaps not go into it as quickly as a bachelor might. Oh, no, it doesn't work that way.

Even my most serious accident turned out to work to my benefit, in terms of being able to conquer myself. It happened two days before the German Grand Prix at the Nurburgring in 1962. It was because of the accident I had in practice that I consider that race just about my most important accomplishment. The Nurburgring is 14½ miles around and very hilly and twisting. In Friday's practice I was driving quite fast when my car ran over a television camera that had fallen off a car carrying a cameraman who was taking pictures of the track. The camera was out in the middle of the track but obscured from view by a hedge bordering a corner. I ran right over it and punctured my oil tank. The oil ran out over my rear wheels, and I started aquaplaning just as if I'd been in the middle of a large puddle of water. At 120 mph my car spun off the track and into a ditch by the side of the road. Fortunately I went in front end first. I just hung on for grim death, hoping the car wouldn't turn over, while it burrowed along the ditch like a giant mole, stripping off a couple of wheels while it went. It plowed along for about 100 yards, and the car was a complete and hopeless mess. My legs felt like bars of milk and I was a bit bruised but other than that unjured, except perhaps psychologically.

I entered the race on Sunday in another car. The race itself was no piece of cake either. It was pouring rain and the start was delayed because earth from the surrounding hills had washed down onto the track. I got the lead shortly after the start but was under terrific pressure the whole day from John Surtees and Dan Gurney. I don't suppose more than five seconds separated us at any time during the 2½ hours that we drove.

But I won. I had climbed back into a car right after a very nasty accident. I had beaten two excellent drivers who pressed me hard all the way, and I had beaten them on a tough track under tough driving conditions. What could have been a heavy setback to my career turned out instead to be about my finest effort. And that night I slept quite well, thank you.

END

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The Warroad High hockey team of Warroad, Minn., made it to the finals of the state high school tournament this year. The team lost in overtime, but it had been the school's best season and Warroad welcomed the boys home with a special celebration—Mayor **Dick Roberts** had decreed that in advance. His own part in the festivities was somewhat confused, however. Roberts is not only the mayor but the Warroad High hockey coach, and was thus in the position of having to welcome home and congratulate himself.

★ Members of an intramural basketball team at George Washington University in Washington call themselves The Fulbrights and regularly charge onto the court in red and white jerseys bearing a dove on the front, and on the back the phrase coined by Senator J. **William Fulbright**, "Arrogance of Power." The symbol and legend are apt for a team that is downy indeed, or anyway far too short on power to be tempted to arrogance—at week's end The Fulbrights' record stood at 1-13, the single victory representing a forfeited game. Last week, moved by curiosity, or perhaps pity, Senator Fulbright himself dropped by to watch a game. He stayed for

about 12 minutes and the team, inspired, surged ahead of Phi Sigma Delta 19-18. Then Fulbright had to leave. His name-sakes lost 52-38.

In Utah cutter racing is a very big, if somewhat misnamed, sport (a cutter is a one- or two-horse sleigh, but cutter racers race two-horse wheeled chariots right out of *Ben Hur*), and **Gene Fulmer** is crazy about it. Long a breeder of quarter horses, he started hitching them up to chariots and has done well enough to make it to the national championships in Pocatello, Idaho three years running. Not this year, sadly enough. Fulmer was in the lead in a race not long ago when one of his team, a mare, suddenly slowed down and he was overtaken. She made it across the finish line, however, and only then did Gene discover that she had broken a leg. "Can you imagine the courage it took to finish that race?" Fulmer said, almost in tears. "She was running on guts alone. I know how she felt. Remember in 1961 I broke my elbow in the 13th round a point. Florentino Fernandez finished the 14th and 15th and I won the fight, but can you imagine me trying to finish that fight with a broken leg?" Fortunately for the mare—and

empathic owner Fulmer—the break was not so bad that she had to be destroyed.

It was such stuff as dreams are made on—up to a point. As **Bob Seagren** tells it, "I met **Jane Fonda** and I'm still floating. She told me she lived in Malibu. I told her I do my running up there sometimes. She gave me her address and told me to drop in when I'm in the neighborhood. And then she asked was I the jumper who went over backward."

Dutch-born artist **Willelmo de Kooning** was, and at 64 still is, a bicyclist. He pedals vigorously back and forth between his Easthampton, N.Y. house and studio, takes to the machine when in the grip of violent passions or the need to pick up the *Sunday New York Times* and employs cycling in conversation as virtually his only sporting figure of speech. In a recent discussion of action painting he observed, "Just because planes go fast now doesn't mean that artists paint fast. As a matter of fact, I just came out of a jet plane and they don't go very fast when you're sitting in them. There was almost silence, almost no movement—like on a bicycle, you seem to go faster than sitting in a jet." Asked about this

enthusiasm on the part of the otherwise unathletic de Kooning, critic **Harold Rosenberg** says helpfully, "A very nice Dutchwoman has just explained it to me. She tells me that all Dutch people tend to ride bicycles with emotional intensity."

★ **Andy Warhol** and **Sonny Liston** will be the first of a series of odd couples (others include **Whitey Ford** and **Salvador Dali**, **Satchel Paige** and **Dean Martin Jr.**) to appear in the new Brandt TV spots, with Sonny sitting in total silence while Andy expatiates upon the beauty of the soup can. Warhol said after the filming of this 30-second epic, "Sonny was just terrific. I don't see how he can be so big. But he doesn't talk, so I had to do the dialogue and he just used his eyes, and then they said my voice was too low so they dubbed my dialogue, so now he doesn't talk and I don't talk." The boys talked off camera, though, and got right down to the salty gritty. "Sonny told me where he gets his shirts. In Las Vegas, and he has them monographed," Warhol says, and it is reported that when he confided to Sonny that he had never seen a fight, Liston replied comfortingly, "That's O.K. I've never painted a picture."



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Top speed and a tender mouth

Handling Majestic Prince was a bit tricky for Bill Hartack, but the big chestnut won easily and became an even stronger Derby favorite

Santa Anita had sunshine and a lady jockey last Thursday, both novelties. The sunshine encouraged a few Californians to attend the races, and Tuesday Testa, who was riding in the seventh race, drew a few more. But the real attraction was a reddish-colored colt named Majestic Prince (51, Feb. 17). Californians are happy about Majestic Prince these days because he is undefeated, because he is trained by Johnny Longden and because they think he's going to win the Kentucky Derby. They find it very convenient to overlook the fact that their newest hero is not a Californian at all but a chestnut colt bred in Kentucky by a Kentuckian and owned by a Canadian industrialist. So they came out to watch him run in the one-mile San Jacinto Stakes, and he won, the way a 2-to-5 favorite should.

Before the race there was some doubt about Majestic Prince's ability to carry his brilliant speed over a mile against colts who would do their very best to run with him. "When he proves he can go around two turns, then we'll know more about how good he is," said one horseman. Bill Shoemaker, who watched the San Jacinto from a clubhouse box, said, "There's a lot of speed here. Unless Majestic Prince is a standout they might kill him off and set it up for a come-from-behind colt like Makor."

No chance last week. Jockey Bill Hartack actually broke Majestic Prince out of the gate in first place, but quickly eased him back off the early pace set by Mr. Joe F. and Jim's Gold C. Rounding the clubhouse turn for the first time in his racing life, he endured dirt being thrown up at him, and didn't seem to mind it. Jim's Gold C. retired from the contest on the backstretch, and from there on it was strictly between Mr. Joe F. and Majestic Prince. Hartack collared the leader midway around the far turn, and by the time the pair of them straightened out in the stretch he had a one-length lead and the race was over. Be-

fore the eighth pole Hartack hit his horse a couple of times "to get him to roll and make sure he got a good race into him." He sailed home four lengths in front and eased up at that.

When it was all over Trainer Johnny Longden had a lengthy discussion with Hartack and then revealed that, considering Majestic Prince's recent difficulties, he was tickled to death over the performance. What difficulties? "Well, after his last race on February 6," said Longden, "he had a slight fever and couldn't get to the track for three days. Then we discovered that his unusually tender mouth was caused by some caps on his teeth that were supposed to have been shed naturally by now but somehow had not been."

Longden laughed when he was asked if this was Majestic Prince's best race. "Oh, no," he replied confidently, "he'll run better when Bill can handle him better. Right now, with this tender mouth, it's a tricky business of give-and-take between horse and rider. It was his best race so far, but we've got a lot bigger things in mind."

The first "bigger thing" is the March 29 Santa Anita Derby, in which Majestic Prince probably will have to face the three California-based colts who figure to give him trouble. They are Inverness Drive, Right Cross and Tell. "Charlie Whittingham is doing everything right with Tell," said Shoemaker's agent Harry Silbert, "and he's not hurrying him in any way. Next, he'll get a nice mile and a 16th into him [Whittingham did that just two days later], and then probably put him right into the Derby. Then we'll see how good this bunch is."

The best of the bunch now—and maybe equal to anything at Hialeah—is Longden's chestnut son of Raise A Native and Gay Hostess, for whom Frank McMahon paid \$250,000. He's won back \$55,400 so far, and he hasn't run for real money yet.

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The long "e" has the last laugh

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SOJOURNER WORKS OUT IN THE POOL

Weber—long "e"—State. And Weber State has a center, too, who is a sophomore and already a hot pro prospect. Except he is actually a swimmer, a 6' 8" swimmer. His name is Willie Sojourner, and the names of those guards are Sessios Harlan and Justus Thigpen. The combination of names strikes some people as almost too funny to bear. It is really—for those people. While they have been preoccupied with falling down laughing, Weber State has been hard at the task of beating the tails off its opposition. With twin victories over Montana last weekend, Weber finished out the regular season with a 12-game winning streak. The Wildcats are undefeated in all 14 of their league contests in the Big Sky Conference and going into the NCAA regionals are 24-2.

To all but professional football scouts and a few Abominable Snowmen, the Big Sky is a figment of A. B. Guthrie's imagination. In fact, it is a shiny-new, thriving little league of six schools tucked up in the northwest corner of the map. The schools, for various reasons, had been forced out of other mergers and were left begging for an identity. Idaho, for instance, was an abandoned child of the old Pacific Coast Conference, which divided and formed the Pacific Eight partly to eliminate the Moscow school. The Skyline Conference members plotted to break away from Montana because of its "dogsled run" to Moscow. Idaho State and Montana State outgrew the Rocky Mountain Conference, and Gonzaga—well Gonzaga gets a lot of money from Bing Crosby, who went there, and that is enough to know.

Weber State, founded by the Mormon Church in 1889 as Weber Stake Academy, expanded to a junior college in 1922 and to a four-year college just seven years ago. Now under state control, it sits, 10,000 students strong, on a scenic table of Great Salt Lake Valley just outside downtown Ogden. The days are gone when Weber's basketball team traveled in a funeral limousine. Yet recognition remains hard to come by.

Weber State alumni have control over some souls (David O. McKay, class of 1892, is president of the Mormon Church) and a lot of money (David Kennedy, '28, is Secretary of the Treasury), while the former basketball coach, Dick Motta, who won three Big Sky titles, is now coaching the Chicago Bulls of the

NBA. Still, nobody knows Weber's name or, worse, is able to pronounce it.

Legend has it that a pioneer scout, name of Weaver, dedicated a nearby river to himself. Later, Jim Bridger, who found the Great Salt Lake but apparently could not find a "v," listed the river as "Weaber." In time, the name stuck and the "a" was dropped. Now, each mortal new to the experience pronounces the name "Webber."

"Everyplace we go, my first job is to tell the P.A. man it's a long 'e,'" says Don Spanhower, the radio voice of the Wildcats. Sometimes, the mistake recreates the post. On a marquee in Spokane a few years ago, the message read, TONIGHT WEAVER COLLEGE.

"My assistant, Gene Visscher, called up a high school boy recently and really had trouble," says new Coach Phil Johnson. "The kid thought Visscher was Fisher. He thought Weber was Webber. He couldn't even pronounce Ogden." "That's all right," says Visscher. "Before I came here, I thought the place was in Wisconsin."

Properly, Weber State's best team has emerged in a year that is being celebrated by the local citizenry as the centennial of the joining of the nation by rail. On May 10, 1869 the Central Pacific and Union Pacific came together at Promontory Summit, just 35 miles from Ogden, when Leland Stanford sledgehammered the golden spike. The Weber State team, 100 years later, uses a sledgehammer attack, too, but the Wildcats hit; it is said that Mr. Stanford missed three times before handing over the assignment to an underling.

The big hitter with Weber is Sojourner, a 20-year-old from Philadelphia who started basketball very late in high school and only after his coach succeeded in whisking him away from poolside and his first sport, competitive swimming. Sojourner won several medals in backstroke and butterfly competition during his high school years and still frequents the water for lifesaving courses and workouts in the off season. He also dabbles in track and field with minimal practice and last spring won the Big Sky high jump at 6' 10½". "It was something to do," he says.

On the court Sojourner moves with a gentle lope, slumping and bent over, until aroused. Then he will suddenly move to the basket and either shoot or re-

continued



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bound with a single hand surrounding the ball—just as if it were a coconut being picked off, or put back on, the tree. He averaged 20 points a game during the season and 13 rebounds.

Owing to inexperience, he makes noticeable mistakes, but observers are impressed with his ability to learn and correct deficiencies. In his first game Sojourner was badly undressed by Simmie Hill of West Texas State as Weber looked bad and lost. During the return match at Ogden, Sojourner outplayed Hill and the Wildcats won 92-76. Despite a mid-season bombing at Seattle, in which Sojourner played only 18 minutes because of fouls and 6' 7" Larry Bergh not at all because of injury, Weber State has earned respect.

Gus Chatmon, a reckless customer on the boards, gives Sojourner and Bergh ample help underneath. But Thigpen, as shooter, and Harlan, as passer and defender, are mainly responsible for Weber's fine record. Both Michigan na-

tives were recruited out of junior college and, while it took Thigpen all of last year to adjust to team play, Harlan's arrival this season has occasioned a genuine unselfishness throughout the team. Smoothly and with little effort, the mustachioed guards work together with a speed and quickness that is matched by few combinations anywhere.

Lack of notoriety even in its homeland took much of the glimmer from Weber State's season, despite the fact it probably was better than any of its three neighbors from up and down the Wasatch Mountain Range—Utah, Brigham Young or Utah State, the latter boasting a nationally acclaimed hero in Marv Roberts.

As usual, the young upstart cannot buy a game with the other schools. Moreover, the *Salt Lake Tribune's* recent proposal for an eight-team tournament in the new 15,000-seat Salt Palace, involving the four Utah schools and four visitors, was discouraged by the other three

—because of Weber. Weber officials claim area coaches purposely neglect them on votes for All-America teams and discriminate against them when considering candidates for the weekly ratings. "They will never give us a ballot on those polls," says Johnson. "They know what it would mean for us to be ranked."

So Weber State can only go on winning, appearing in the "other receiving votes" column of the wire service polls and enduring as the one school in the history of the Big Sky to reach the NCAA playoffs.

"It's tough when the big boys won't play you," New Mexico State Coach Lou Henson says often, alluding to his own difficulty in obtaining a representative schedule. But bigness is a matter of degree, and the crafty Henson has put himself in a compromising position. Not even his team wants to schedule the dangerous Wildcats of Weaver, uh Weber, State.

END

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The Seals were frightful, physically and fiscally, until a minor-leaguer named Fred Glover came to coach and lit some big-league fires

Freddie's in, gloom's out

The teams of the American Hockey League worked over Freddie Glover's face pretty thoroughly. The V scar across his nose, which was smashed many times, has a little Providence in it, some Hershey and some Buffalo. The jagged tissue above the right eyebrow comes from hasty patchwork in Rochester and Springfield. His teeth are off the dentist's shelf. But don't feel sorry for Freddie Glover, he asked for every stitch he got. For 15 years with the Cleveland Barons, Glover played as if he were a 170-pound Gordie Howe. Besides, it is difficult to cry for someone who is going to be Coach of the Year in the National Hockey League this season.

After 20 years in the minors Glover has brought his fire to the big league at last to the Oakland Seals, the team that needed it most—and the result has been the most remarkable turnaround since Emile Francis kicked life into the New York Rangers four years ago. With a month remaining in the regular season, Glover has the Seals solidly in second place behind unbeatable St. Louis in the West Division, and is terrorizing the established East, whose proud teams

have been beaten or tied by the Seals no fewer than 16 times.

Oakland has more victories over the East—13—than any other West team. The Seals have already taken their season series from Montreal (3-2-1) and Chicago (4-1 with one game to go), and they can still tie Detroit and Toronto, with whom they are 2-3 with one game remaining. The Seals are catching on with the fans, too. Oakland has averaged better than 7,000 a game since Feb. 1 and drew more than 10,000 for a 5-2 victory over Chicago the last time the Black Hawks were in town.

Even the ownership and geographical dilemmas of the Seals seem to be solvable in these optimistic days. Last year the whole operation out at 66th Avenue and Nimitz Freeway resembled something out of beautiful downtown Burbank. The team had 52 owners and one "leader," Barry van Gerbig. As the Seals staggered to last place in the West, van Gerbig did much of his leading from a Florida golf course, and the club took a financial bath. Before the season was over the Seals had borrowed \$680,000 from a Canadian brewery and rumors

CHEERFUL Seals dressing room reflects recent calm of Glover (right, with Frank Selke Jr.)

of town-switching à la Charlie Finley and his baseball A's were flying like slap shots.

Meanwhile, the players became resentful of Coach Bert Olmstead, who demanded more from them than they could possibly deliver. When the Seals finished with only 15 wins in 74 games the owners fired Olmstead and made the club's president, Frank Selke Jr., general manager. Selke is a pro whose father long managed the Montreal Canadiens. Selke, in turn, hired Glover as coach.

And just last week the Seals took an important step toward financial dignity. They were purchased by Trans-National Communications, Inc., a New York-based group of which ex-Yankee Whitey Ford and ex-Giants Pat Summerall and Dick Lynch are members. Trans-National took 80% of the stock and the Knox brothers of Buffalo the other 20%. (The Buffalonians, who had supplied money for the Seals' operating expenses the last two months, still basically want a club for their city when the next expansion comes.) The purchase price: better than \$4.5 million. Bill Creasy, former producer of CBS' Game of the Week, becomes president and will represent the Seals on the NHL's board of governors. Said Ellis E. Erdman, Trans-National's chairman: "We have no plans for moving the club, because we have entertained no thoughts of attendance falling in Oakland."

"We feel our family is now complete from top to bottom," said Seals Executive Vice-President Bill Torrey. "We've had the bottoms—Selke, Glover, the players—since the start of the season. This gives us the top."

Well, if any coach has bottom it's Glover. "Montreal was so impressed by Freddie's work as player-coach at Cleveland," says Selke, "that it even considered him as a replacement for Toe Blake when he retired." In Cleveland Glover set AHL records for goals (520), assists (831) and penalties (steamed in the penalty box for a total of 2,402 minutes). Glover raised African violets at home and All-America hell on the ice. "The little guy always gets pushed around," he says. "Some guys build

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themselves up by pushing the little guys around. Well let me tell you, there's no better equalizer out there than a hockey stick. With a stick in your hands you're just as big as the next guy. There's not much a stick session won't settle—and I don't mean taking somebody's head off with it."

"When Freddie was at Cleveland I think I almost hated him," says Torrey, once in the front office of the old Pittsburgh AHL franchise. "You had to admire him, though, because he was such a competitor. Cleveland seemed to get off to a bad start every year—until Freddie sorted things out. By Christmas we'd be 20 points up and pulling away, but in March you'd look up and there would be Freddie parked at your doorstep, itching for the playoffs to start."

"I couldn't offer Freddie a lot of money," says Selke. "because I didn't have it to offer. All I could give him was a one-year contract and a helluva challenge."

Early this season there were times when Glover came close to putting on a uniform again. But, realizing that sooner or later he had to make it behind the bench, he was content merely to take a full shift in full gear in practice. During games he bashed his hand black and blue and his wristwatch silly against the dasher. "Sometimes," he says, "those officials make me so mad I want to take a bite out of a stick, but I'm getting better."

The scrappy, hard-skating game the Seals now play is more a reflection of what Glover used to be than what he is now. He handles the players in a relatively calm, controlled manner and still manages to light their fire. Because they are so young (the average age is 26.8, second lowest in the NHL), the Seals come up with a clinker now and then. They have been beaten 7-0 and 9-0 by St. Louis and Boston and 8-4 by Montreal. But they have a marvelous ability to bounce back. Center Ted Hampson, one of the half-dozen former Red Wings on the team, is the captain and leading scorer (23 goals, 38 assists). Second to St. Louis' Red Berenson in the West scoring race, Hampson is a digger and a hustler reminiscent of Toronto's Norm Ullman, and the job of lifting the club when it is down inevitably falls to him. Billy Hicke, a former Canadian and Ranger, is enjoying his finest year under Glover with 20 goals and 33 assists. Two rookies, Norm Ferguson and Mike Loughton

continued

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HOCKEY *continued*

—the latter the senior men's figure skating champion of the Kootenays region of British Columbia—have 43 goals between them, and Ferguson is a strong contender for Rookie of the Year honors. Gary Jarrett has 20 goals, six of them the important first goal of a game.

During the player draft last June, Selke and Glover plucked Carol Vadnais from Montreal's juicy chain, and today Vadnais would be the top young defenseman on any NHL club except Boston. Defenseman Bert Marshall, one of those former Red Wings on the team, is blossoming even while combating injuries. And Doug Roberts, one of the two Americans in the NHL, has benefited from a switch from right wing to defense.

"We figured we'd know by Christmas if we had a hockey player in Roberts," Glover says. "We found out a long time before that." The turning point came, all agree, in a game in St. Louis. Roberts had been playing an improving defense alongside Marshall, who that night suddenly succumbed to the Hong Kong flu. All at once Roberts found himself on the ice with Francois Lacombe, a talented 21-year-old but no Bobby Orr.

"I knew I had to learn faster," says Roberts. "When Freddie put me out there with Frank he might as well have sewed an A [for assistant captain] on my sweater." Roberts is no Orr, either, but since St. Louis he has played as if he deserves his A.

The Seals have been shakiest where they expected to be strongest—an goal. Regulars Gary Smith and Charlie Hodge have been inconsistent, but help has arrived in the rangy, quick-witted person of 21-year-old Chris Worthy. It will take only a little seasoning for Worthy to become an exceptional goalie. He has been at his best against the East, winning three games and tying one. Even in two heavy defeats he kept his head.

Happy over Worthy, mad about Glover and walking with his head up, Bill Torrey left the club's offices last Saturday morning for The Elegant Farmer Restaurant in Jack London Square, where the NHL was to make the official announcement of Trans-National's takeover. "I'll be glad when this year is over," he said, tapping his briefcase. "This ownership thing has been dragging on so long we haven't been able to do a lot of things we've wanted to do. I've been carrying Freddie's new contract around for two weeks now."

END



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Pennsylvania Commissioner Frank Wildman (below) ruled that Gypsy Joe Harris' defective right eye barred him from boxing. Wildman was just one player in a deadly game involving a man's health and livelihood that finally drove Gypsy back to the despair of The Street **by MARK KRAM**

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Even in that other time, then a soft summer afternoon, it seemed to be winter: the tableau so much like the gray etching of a tenement in a snowfall. Now, two years later, a Saturday afternoon, winter, dark falling on the soiled sunlight—nothing had changed. Not even the visual fragments: the eyes of the pawnbroker squinting at an old punstripe suit, the black half-painted poolroom windows where raised cue tips wiggle and droop just above the paint line, and, finally, Willie Reddick, his porpous body heaving and snoozing in the gym's big ripped chair, to the lullaby of a light bag.

Now it was an untroubled, dreamless sleep, but it never used to be. For a long time Willie used to sleep with one eye on the gym door, a hand on his wallet and a line like "I ain't got no mooney" poised on his lips. The eye waited for a boy who rarely came. The hand was there not because Willie feared robbery, but because whenever the boy was in the vicinity Willie and his money were soon parted. The line was always ready for the women who would rouse him, squeaking, "He said for you to give me some money. You got money?" These problems are gone now. Willie does not manage Gypsy Joe Harris anymore. Nobody manages Gypsy anymore.

Nobody, it seems, could ever have managed Gypsy,

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIO MARGILIA



LOANS

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could have tempered his passions or checked his long slide toward a leftover life—so far from the one that promised so much just a short time ago. Frolicsome and singular whether he was in a ring or chalking a cue, Gypsy's rise was one of bonfire brilliance. At 22, embraced by those faddists who pursue the public mood, he was a major force in boxing, a box-office power and the sudden salvation of the sport in Philadelphia. At 24 Gypsy is just another name in boxing's long litany of failure, his own victim and a broken pawn in a callous gambit shrouded in mystery—a mystery daily mirrored by the face in the gym window on Columbia Avenue.

The gym, run by the police, is where Gypsy began fighting, where one night he was found banging wildly at the door, an ice cream melting in his hand and a pack of hunters not far behind. He stood there now, 12 years since it all began, looking out of the window, the glass misted by a fine rain. Outside, the faces floated by, faces of men wearing hats tipped for Saturday night love, of old women with hair set for Sunday morning church. He turned his eyes from the window and his head to the side. In the yellow light the profile—shaved head, corpse-like expression, slack jaw and bent nose—was a haunting sculpture. He pointed to his right eye. It was like a dead agate.

"It's been like this for a long time," he said. "I've been blind in my right eye ever since Halloween of 1957 when some kid hit me in the eye with a brick. It was like this when I went for the preflight exams. The color was bad, I never had any trouble passin' physicals. If

you memorize the third and fourth lines of the chart, you're all right. All the time I was fightin' I wasn't afraid of the ring or the bad eye or the good one or anything. Just afraid that someone, somehow would say somethin' about the blind eye and they'd pick up my license. It happened. In one second I was dead." The words—if true—are a powerful indictment of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission.

The commission contests Gypsy's statement. "If you watch a doctor giving an eye test," says Commissioner Frank Wildman, "you know it's too tough to fake. Sure, I suppose it can be done, but how does one know what line is going to be called? We'd never heard anything about his blindness—total, semi, partial or anything—until after his license was suspended." The relationship between Wildman and Gypsy was often strained but it was not vengeful or vicious. "I've never been associated with a nicer kid," says Wildman, "but he was always a headache. Gypsy lives in another world. It's hard to uncover the truth with him." Wildman's view gets some corroboration from Yank Durham, who co-managed Gypsy along with Reddish, and Al Massey, a lightweight who lingered in Gypsy's shadow.

"No way," says Durham, "for him to be blind and still be so slick in avoidin' punches." Massey is less succinct. "Any man with a bright sense," he says, "knows he could not get away from punches the way Gypsy did if he were blind in one eye. The only time he got hit was when he wanted to get hit." Why would he say it if it were not true? "Well now," says Massey slyly, "if he say he was blind in one eye and not gettin' hit and down' his stuff and lookin' pretty, the people begin to think, 'Damn! What if that cat had two eyes?'"

An incident on a milk farm in Pennsylvania not long ago adds credibility to Gypsy's claim. It happened in July of 1967 while he was visiting a close friend and benefactor named Bernard Pollack, a boxing dilettante, psychologist and wealthy milk rancher and furrier. Pollack, like Gypsy, has a shaved head and no sight in his right eye either; he lost the sight while sparring with one of his fighters. The fear of losing the vision in his remaining eye oppresses him constantly. He wears a dark-smoked lens over his bad eye and looks anxiously at the light with his good one. His head cocked toward the light, he says, "It was like this. Gypsy was up at my training camp one week, and it was 6:30 and we had just finished dinner and were walking around the countryside. For some reason we were discussing relative vision and how important it is. Gypsy offered that his vision was superb, and then he stopped suddenly and pointed to a tree a little less than 100 yards away and said, 'There's a caterpillar crawlin' on that limb out there.' I told him he was crazy, but he insisted and took us directly to the tree, the branch and the caterpillar. It was a fantastic display of animal acuity. Then, after a long moment, he



Behind Willie Reddish, his longtime co-manager, is the Police Athletic League gym where Gypsy Joe got his start

said quietly, "I'm blind in my right eye too. I'm just like you, Mr. Pollack. Since the age I was 11." "

No one will ever be certain when Gypsy lost the sight in his eye; pick through the gelatinous structure of boxing, and you emerge, hopefully, with only an approximation of the truth, an educated evaluation or merely suspicion. But there is no question that the commission knew there was at least impairment in Gypsy's eye, beginning with his very first examination. If it did not know, then it did not perform even the perfunctory task of looking at its own medical reports.

If, indeed, the commission did inspect the routine findings after each examination, why was Gypsy never told of his condition or warned that in view of it he must train conscientiously—for his own protection—if he wished to continue fighting? History has dolorously proved that commissions are ineffectual, but one forever hopes they will learn to fulfill their principal function, which is to protect the public and the health of the fighters—not the orchestrating of back-room subterfuge, not the wearing of bland smiles or the mouthing of endless inanities.

Philadelphia indulged Gypsy Joe. Truant in training, cavalier about prefight procedures, he frolicked and capered from the beginning without the slightest supervision. The reason appears obvious. Gypsy Joe, the leader of the town's fight renaissance as a way Joe Frazier could never be, meant prosperity for boxing in Philadelphia. Gypsy insists the commission knew he was blind but allowed him to fight so long as it served someone's purpose. "It was fixed to let me fight," he says, "and then it was unfixed by somebody." The records, although they do not indicate blindness, do not do much to allay his suspicions:

Feb. 8, 1965—Right eye as 20/40. [It is noted that Harris wears glasses.] Right eye is to be checked with glasses and if not corrected then he must have ophthalmic evaluation. [Signed] Ayella, M.D.

Feb. 22, 1965—Right eye still to be checked for glasses.
March 29, 1965—Vision in the right eye is now 20/50. Ayella: Have advised correction of difference in vision, manager to be advised.

Aug. 18, 1965—Subject has been examined at Wills Eye Hospital and told he is okay. However, we want this in writing. His manager has been so instructed.

Gypsy never returned to Wills Eye Hospital but instead went to Dr. Milton J. Freiwald, an eye specialist, on Oct. 8, 1966. Dr. Freiwald found that Gypsy's vision had deteriorated in a year and a half from 20/40 to 20/300, which, if it does not signify legal blindness in the right eye, surely indicates the eye was useless in the ring. "The injury," reported Dr. Freiwald, "was sustained at the age of 11 years, when he was struck with a brick to the right ocular structure. Blurred vision resulted to the right eye." Dr. Freiwald wrote a letter to the commission for Gypsy saying that, although he was suffering an impairment, he could continue boxing provided he was carefully watched

and supervised. The commission did neither, and two years and 11 fights later Gypsy's career came to an end.

On Oct. 10, 1968, while preparing to meet Manny Gonzalez, Gypsy reported for a prefight physical. The night before, Yank Durham had received a strange phone call. "Don't show up for the exam tomorrow," the anonymous caller told him. "There's not going to be any fight." Durham did not attend the examination. Gypsy arrived, his right eye inflamed. While training, he said, he had been continually thumbed by a sparring partner with whom he had long been at odds. "It seemed like a little conjunctivitis," says Wildman. "A little pink eye. There didn't seem anything to worry about." Gypsy was sent immediately to Dr. Harold Scheie, another specialist. Dr. Scheie found him to be blind in the right eye. In a letter to the commission, Dr. Scheie said that Gypsy's "vision is limited to light perception . . . due to a practically complete cataract." He added that "the lens [is] nearly completely opaque . . . [which] suggests a long-standing ocular pathology. . . ." The commission read Dr. Scheie's report and barred Gypsy from boxing. Why didn't Dr. Freiwald recommend that? Did he, after weighing all the evidence (he saw Gypsy fight many times), decide to let Gypsy go on fighting for nonmedical reasons? Did he consider the social and psychological aspects of the case and decide that fighting was Gypsy's only hold on life?

Besides the medical questions—who would profit from taking away Gypsy's license? The managers? The breed's money morality would seem to put them in the clear. The promoters? Maybe. Most promoters need no profit motive to make a "move," just a grudge or sufficient pique over not having the exclusive rights to a talent. And commissions have always been pliable enough for a promoter to bend.

Whether it was intentionally vague, indifferent or, like its colleagues elsewhere, just dumb, the Pennsylvania commission cannot elude criticism. It used Gypsy but gave him nothing. Wildman had said, "We never heard anything about his blindness—total, semi, partial or anything." Then what was Dr. Freiwald's report of a 20/300 condition? Was it just a recommendation that Gypsy required glasses? The commission, it seems clear, was never interested in Gypsy's physical welfare. Now it is heavy with sensitivity and generous with sympathy. "I can't let him fight," says Wildman sadly. "I just can't. I know it's . . . it's like sending him slowly to the gas chamber."

This is a beautiful example of missionary morality—save the natives from the crazing run and let them die of malnutrition; protect Gypsy from future injury but commit him to The Street. The Street has the same geography, the same precipices everywhere, and you have to know its desperate horrors before you can decide whether it is better for Gypsy to be "out there"—or be a one-eyed fighter. "I'd rather have a cat fightin' with one eye than be a two-eyed junkie or a killer," says a friend of Gypsy's.

continued

Homicide or busthead, heroin or heist—which way will Gypsy fall? “You have no choice,” says the friend. “It chooses you. It just happens. Quickly. Then one day you wake up and you’re dom’ 15 to 20 somewhere, or they’re tryin’ to break you at Lexington or you find yourself peayin’ for one lousy little beer to hang what’s left of you on. The way will be even tougher for Gypsy because he’s been somebody else.”

Calamity, one often felt, trailed Gypsy like other men’s shadows. Nothing catastrophic ever happened to him, but there was always the feeling that he was so destructible, so fragile. The feeling persists and intensifies. Yet, contrarily, Gypsy is not a violent man, or even antisocial. It is just that what he called his “defense, the protection” was so potentially dangerous, when you remember the sinister click of his switchblade, the bayonet or the 45 being placed resolutely on the table in a bar. “Man, it’s had out there,” he would say. It is especially bad for a man with a busted ego.

When Gypsy first surfaced it was easy to transform him into a symbol of the times. His kaleidoscopic, improvising style was interpreted by that suffocating phrase, “Doing his thing.” His nonchalance, his resistance to training, were viewed as his expression of cool dissent, he was, they said, boxing’s “flower child.” The trouble was that the tag never belonged on him, nor was it wanted. Even his attitude toward black militancy or separatism was one of supreme disinterest. He was simply Gypsy, picaresque and primitive. There were a couple of reasons why he fought, but there was really only one drive. Sociological terms like “upward mobility” had no meaning for Gypsy. He sought only the approbation of *The Street*. “His world,” says Pollack, “has no status or stratification. He is a hero in that one area of society and that’s enough. Gypsy lives in a real world without fantasy.” He did not want to change, says Durham. “He was happy on *The Street*. While he was fightin’.”

Gypsy’s long slide back began with his own attitude. He never seemed to like fighting, but he knew he needed it. The ring was his only way of creating, of expressing himself, the “science” of the sport bored him. His critics often dismissed his work, which seemed to remind them of a piece of J.C. Penney jewelry. But if you had no stylistic prejudices or distaste for the man personally, he could be awfully striking and effective. At times he came at you like the spinning color wheel in a discotheque, but more often he was artful and highly original with his hold, blaring strokes. The creation was what counted, and all else—except *The Street*—meant nothing. The money? “Hell, money!” says Durham. “He’d get, say, a cut of 8,000 and he’d be lookin’ to borrow 300 five days later. Then you could get him to train.” Nothing better reflects Gypsy’s attitude toward boxing than his training habits, which were none.

Gypsy was gifted, but no fighter can escape the tedious

rigors of the gym, no fighter can eat sloppily, train desultorily and continually end up on the day of a fight running and skipping rope and hammering the bags for six or seven rounds. True, there was Harry Greb (who also fought with one eye), Max Baer and others who worked the nights, but traditionalists say—and they are usually right—that the demands of the ring must be met with loneliness, asceticism and celibacy, until the point is reached where all of the emotions of deprivation rush out in one sweet, furious release. “I didn’t have to train all that much,” says Gypsy. “Nobody could ever hit me that much, and I sure weren’t tied in a ring in my life.” Yes, agrees Durham, “He was amazin’.”

Why, with so much at stake, did he neglect training? Was he just irresponsible or was it because he feared the savage Philadelphia gym for what might happen to his eye in them? Both, surely, may have been reasons, and it was only a matter of time before his behavior drove a wedge between him and his managers. Durham, though resenting Reddish’s indulgence, had done his best. He offered Gypsy \$5 for every time he would come to the gym.

continued



At the camp of Joe Frazier, whom he manages, Yank Durham tells why he cannot accept Gypsy's story.



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"He never came in once," says Durham. "Can you imagine?" Then Durham offered a gentleman named Bodyguard \$200 a week to shadow Gypsy and see that he made it to the gym each day. "Bodyguard," says Yank, "he come back after one day, pantin' and sayin', 'Save ya money, Yank. Gypsy, he leave tracks Tonto can't follow.'" Not even the solicitude of Joe Frazier could reach Gypsy. Frazier had genuine concern and affection for Gypsy Joe. Scuffed, bowlegged and gnomelike, Gypsy was certainly a curiosity when he traveled with Frazier. The two often drove around town together in Frazier's big car and Joe loaned him large sums of money, invited him out for dinner and generally tried to pull him from the grip of The Street. Nothing developed from this except what one might call an intense sibling rivalry on Gypsy's part. It is a natural tendency among fighters, but Gypsy could never balance his reactances. He grew increasingly resentful of the attention Durham gave Frazier and he was also disturbed over the interest shown in Lightweight Al Massey.

"It felt bad bein' all alone," said Gypsy, "knowin' nobody cares. Yank, he'd nursemaid Frazier everywhere they'd go. Willie Reddish could thank of nothin' else but Massey. I was left out in the cold." Then, after a moment of reflection, he added, "I had feelings too, ya know, I was a star."

Gypsy's feelings toward his managers were not unique. The fighter and the manager are natural enemies; the same

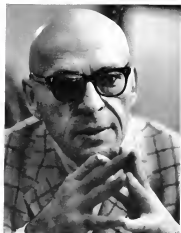
situation exists between actors and writers and their agents. To the fighter the manager is a parasitic procurer. To the manager the fighter is a trolop, usually daft and always perishable. As Jim Wirehouse says in *The Harder They Fall*: "Fighters aren't human." Gypsy was human and, despite his mindless capering, he was perceptive. He knew he had lost respect for his managers, and he sensed that they had no respect for him. Durham tried to bring Gypsy into line, but he had neither the talent nor the tenacity to do so. Reddish, phlegmatic and always weary, lacked the inclination and spirit. The fighter was just an object. "There's nothin' in a manager's contract," says Durham, "that says he's responsible for a fighter personally."

Gypsy went elsewhere for the security of friendship that he needed. Often he visited the farm of Bernard Pollack. "In friendship," says Pollack, "nothing accrues without profit. There must be an exchange for a relationship to succeed. I made a profit with Gypsy. I will never sever my friendship with him and I will continue to help him financially." The profit for Pollack was the excitement of being a friend and confidant of the fascinating Gypsy, but for Gypsy it was money and unrestrained indulgence. Pollack's interest has been expensive—\$3,300 to date. "Look," he says, "some successful men get excitement from drinking or running around with strange women. Well, I've done neither. Boxing excites me."

It may have been costly, he agrees, but "it was worth it. I never judged him or sermonized to him. He wanted understanding and friendship and I gave it to him. Gypsy is a well-constructed person. I've given him simple basic tests, doodling more than anything, and he does well, except for the father figure who is remote and shadowy. He is not a difficult man. All the time he was up here he was a perfect houseguest. Everyone liked him. He never tried to con me. You could see he wanted to be disciplined, to be made to behave and train. When Gypsy was here at the farm he always held to a disciplined work schedule." Durham, though, believed Gypsy's relationship with Pollack spoiled his fighter. Pollack's intervention, he says, undermined his own attempts at discipline. "When Gypsy needed money," says Durham, "he would come around the gym. Pollack, the amateur, the Honest John businessman, ruined him. He turned the kid away from us. Pollack gave him money and took him away to his farm. We, me and Willie, were tough guys. We made Gypsy work for his money." Then, pausing and shaking his head, he says, "Such a waste of talent."

Let the trumpets cry low? Hardly. Gypsy is not an especially sympathetic character. He illustrates George Santayana's line: "The foolishness of the simple is delightful; only the foolishness of the wise is exasperating." The fall of Gypsy Joe, who was wise as well as simple, is far removed from the flagrant abuses, grand deceptions and painful inhumanity that were prevalent—and revealed—in other times in boxing. No one stole Gypsy's money, no

continued



Gypsy's benefactor—like him, with one bad eye—Bernard Pollack tells a remarkable story of Gypsy's vision.



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GYPSY *continued*

one brutalized his body, nor did he ever receive much punishment in the ring. What is unfortunate is that he recognized too late the pathology of his career; the interminable struggles, the emotions, the dumbness and indifference that stilled his quiet fall back to The Street.

"I was just startin' to learn about myself, about them," says Gypsy, standing outside as the gym door is locked. He begins walking up the block and someone hollers from a car, "Hey, Joe! When you fightin'?" "It'll be on the posters," Gypsy shouts back. "Look for them posters." Then he says, "It use to be when they hollered it was Gypzyyyy Joe, but now it's just plain Joe Harris. Sometimes I wake up and it's all like a dream. Hey, I say, Gypsy you only lost one out of 25 fights. Then I go shoot some pool, play some cards and I end up maybe in the bar. There's nothin' else to do because the best part of my life is gone. Later on I go home and I go to sleep. I hold my fists to my eyes, hopin' that when I wake up the blindness will be gone and everything will be Gypzyyyy again. It's all like a dream, I tell ya. I still don't understand how it happened."

He is walking briskly now, toward the neon flashing at the end of the block. It is quiet and dark and cold. He does not talk anymore. In the silence a story comes to mind that seems to sum up Gypsy Joe and boxing itself:

"Please help me," begged the spider, approaching a frog on the bank of a swelling stream. "I must get across."

"What!" said the frog, laughing. "Do you think I'm a fool? If I did that, you would surely bite me and I would just as surely die."

"What could I gain?" replied the spider, now desperate. "I too would die. I would drown, don't you see?"

The reasoning impressed the frog and he consented to take the spider across on his back. Then, in the middle of the stream, the frog suddenly looked back, his face masked with terror. "But how could you?" he screamed. "You promised. . ."

"I know, my friend," said the spider mournfully. "I am sorry. It is just my nature."

END

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

TOURNAMENTS

By Saturday night, nine conference champions had qualified for berths in the NCAA 25-team field. Davidson (25-2), Miami of Ohio (14-10), Princeton (19-6), Purdue (18-4), Santa Clara (24-1), St. Joseph's (17-10), Texas A&M (17-6), Weber State (24-2) and UCLA (24-0), which will go after an unprecedented third straight title. Six other conference titles were yet to be decided, but 10 independents were selected: Colorado State (15-6), Dayton (20-6), Duquesne (19-3), Marquette (21-4), New Mexico State (23-3), Notre Dame (20-5), Trinity of Texas (19-4), Seattle (19-7), St. John's (22-4) and Villanova (21-4). The NIT, with 16 places to fill, had chosen Boston College (20-3), Rutgers (19-3), Southern Illinois (16-7), Temple (18-8) and West Texas State (18-7).

WEST

1. UCLA (24-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (24-1)
3. WEBER STATE (24-2)

A new electric sign at New Mexico repeatedly flashed we are on our way to the NIT, but the Lobos will not be going anywhere now. They squandered a 44-32 halftime lead against Brigham Young, committed 33 turnovers and lost in overtime 77-71. Wyoming—which first beat Utah 84-62, then downed BYU 79-69 to force a playoff with the Cougars for the Western AC title—may at last reach New York.

On-again off-again California gave UCLA its biggest scare of the season before losing in overtime 84-77. Cal was ahead by 12 points with 14:09 to go, but by 8:43 had dissipated its lead. Steve Patterson opened the overtime with a three-point play for UCLA, which went on to pick up its 40th straight win. What had kept the Golden Bears in contention was the fine play of Bob Presley, Jackie Ridgle and Charlie Johnson. Presley limited Leo Alexander to 17 points, while Ridgle drove through for 28 points and Johnson hit from long range for 25.

Weber State (page 58) finished on top of the Big Sky. Santa Clara took the West Coast AC title and Texas A&M won the Southeast Conference championship. Dennis Awtry had 34 points as the Broncos beat Pepperdine 62-52 and Loyola 89-66. The Aggies, who had six one-point wins in the SWC, won easily this time, besting Arkansas 79-66 and SMU 119-98.

Texas-El Paso upset Seattle 88-82 and Colorado State 78-58. State also lost to West Texas State 74-66.

EAST

1. LA SALLE (23-1)
2. DUQUESNE (19-3)
3. ST. JOHN'S (22-4)

"I just grabbed it and threw it up and it went in" was John Connolly's amazed recollection of the events that led to his basket with one second left in overtime and St. Joseph's triumph over Temple 68-67 for the Middle Atlantic championship. Princeton was also a one-point winner—60-59 over Columbia—as it used its height advantage and 27 points by Jeff Petric to take the Ivy title for the seventh time in 10 years.

Austin Carr of Notre Dame, who had 32 points in an 89-72 win over Valparaiso, beat 26 more as the Irish beat St. John's in overtime 71-67. Villanova beat Xavier 79-75, with Howard Porter putting in 24 points, and Seton Hall 73-56, as Johnny Jones got 24. Bill Smith of Syracuse outscored Calvin Murphy of Niagara 33-32, but the Purple Eagles prevailed 103-92. Murphy then had 39 in a 99-75 win over Fairfield. Bob Lanier set a St. Bonaventure record with 51 points, making good on 20 of 29 shots as the Bonnies beat Seton Hall 97-79. He then had what he termed "a lousy night" as he made 14 of 22 tries and scored 33 points in a 91-64 win over Canisius.

Boston College broke its record for consecutive wins, making it 15 in a row with a 110-80 victory over Boston University and an 80-74 win over Holy Cross. Rutgers extended its best streak ever to 14 with three close calls: 81-79 over Connecticut, 62-61 over Fordham and 59-57 over Penn State. Bob Graecian of Rutgers got the last of his 31 points against Fordham on a game-winning jumper with three seconds left. Army, which has the best defensive record in the country, took care of Navy 51-35. La Salle ended its season by routing West Chester 91-73.

SOUTH

1. DAVIDSON (25-2)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (22-3)
3. KENTUCKY (20-4)

Davidson (page 28) won the Southern Conference tournament, but Kentucky, North Carolina and South Carolina all were upset. Vanderbilt surprised Kentucky 101-99 with a three-guard offense that forced the Wildcats into 16 first-half turnovers. The three guards—Tom Hagan, Rudy Thacker and Ralph Mayes—scored 61 points and Perry Wallace set a school record by sinking nine straight field-goal attempts. Steve

Vanderburg had 31 points as Duke stunned North Carolina 87-81. And South Carolina blew its chance to tie the Tar Heels for the Atlantic Coast lead when it lost to North Carolina State 67-64. Tennessee was upset by Auburn 71-60, but beat LSU 87-63 as its Clansie defense held Pete Maravich to his lowest output of the season—29 points. Maravich then got 49 against Mississippi, but even they were not enough. The Tigers lost 78-76.

MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (18-4)
2. DRAKE (21-4)
3. NOTRE DAME (20-5)

The infighting was as furious as the Big Eight as anywhere. Kansas moved into first place by beating Oklahoma 83-58, while Colorado was knocked off by seventh-place Nebraska 79-65. If the Jayhawks could beat the Buffaloes they would win the conference title. The Jayhawks could not. Both teams used zones as they attempted to contain the other's high scorer—Cliff Meely of Colorado and Dave Robisch of Kansas. Meely won the duel 27-6, the Buffaloes the game, 75-67, and the two teams were tied for the lead. In the process Meely broke the Big Eight scoring record for sophomores, pushing his total to 330 points, 25 more than Wilt Chamberlain had. Kansas State dropped out of contention, losing to Missouri 66-62 and Nebraska 88-71. The Missouri win came on a unique bit of fre-lancing by Don Tomlinson and Pete Helmbeck. Tied up by his opponents with nine seconds to go and the score 62-62, Tomlinson flipped a backward pass through a tangle of legs. Helmbeck somehow grabbed the ball, went up in the air and sank a reverse layup with four seconds remaining.

The Missouri Valley race was also deadlocked, Drake trying Louisville for the lead as it trounced the Cardinals 101-67.

Rick Mount of Purdue was on target with his jump shots, getting 31 points in a 74-72 win over Michigan State and 43 in a 97-85 win over Iowa. Those victories—plus two losses by Ohio State—gave the Boiler-makers the Big Ten title.

Miami of Ohio clinched first place in the Mid-American, scoring its last dozen points from the foul line as it held off Toledo 70-65. Murray State beat Western Kentucky 89-79 to gain at least a tie for the Ohio Valley championship. Only Morehead State, an 84-64 winner over Tennessee Tech, can catch the Thoroughbreds.

There was a 32 left and host Dayton led Morehead State 75-63 when officials called a halt to the game. The contest had endured despite 42 fouls and flare-ups between players, but when a fan hit a referee that was it. Marquette defeated Tulane 85-72 and Creighton 79-76. Spencer Haywood's 45 points and 25 rebounds helped Detroit beat Canisius 107-88.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LOW BLOW

Sirs:

A quote attributed to Al Davis of the Oakland Raiders in the SCORECARD section of your Feb. 24 issue had a distasteful implication; namely, that if a team cannot win the title it should do what Buffalo did—finish last and get the first draft pick.

If the quote is accurate, Davis does a disservice to the sport he's part of. I need only remind him of the Bills' second-to-last game of last season. Playing with flanker Eddie Rukowski at quarterback due to a series of injuries, the Bills had Davis nibbling his fingers in anxiety right to the final gun, as Oakland won by only three points, 13-10.

The Bills that day, and every other time they took the field, extended themselves trying to win. Of course, that's to be expected of every team. Davis' implication therefore is a low blow.

RALPH C. WILSON JR.
President
Buffalo Bills Football Club

Buffalo

• Al Davis says, "I did not say it jokingly nor did I mean to imply directly or indirectly that any team would purposefully finish last. The quote was merely an observation on the entire draft system."—ED.

THREESOME

Sirs:

Although I have often disagreed with Dan Jenkins' view of the golf world, I felt that his selection of Bob Lunn, Bob Murphy and Bob Dickson as golf's next big three was well considered (*A New Generation of Heroes*, Feb. 17). Many sportswriters ignore the considerable role played by such dubious virtues as maturity, self-control and positive thinking in the success of present-day greats like Casper, Nicklaus, Palmer and Player. I found especially interesting and significant Jenkins' omission of two of the youngest, longest-hitting and perhaps most technically competent of the present crop of young golfers, Marty Fleckman and Bobby Cole.

DAVID W. CUSHMAN

East Brunswick, N.J.

SKINNY MADE EASY

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI and Bob Dtrum for the five-page report on Professor Kruckenhauer and his "wide-stance" style of ski instruction (*An Infatigable Revelation by the Pope of Skiing*, Feb. 24). Recognition of the simple truths about skiing should end the "magnificent mystique" authored by ski

instructors since skis got edges and style supplanted sport. As Professor K. has belatedly proved, skiing is really no harder to learn than riding a bike. Kids do it all the time, and not a few grownups as well.

Unfortunately, Dtrum passes off one-half of Professor K.'s timesystem—use of short skis for beginners—with exactly six lines. Actually, short skis are as important to learning to ski easily and quickly as is wide-track. Short-ski Ski Inventor Cliff Taylor ended my 20 years of hacking my way through a dozen techniques by putting me on five-footers in Portillo, Chile seven seasons back. As an Instant Skier, I shortly scussed Professor K.'s beloved Valluga run at St. Anton, something I could never have done on long skis. Howard Head caught some of our early-day short-ski fever and came out with his own metal version. At long last, Taylor's 10 years of preaching the Graduated Length Method is being officially recognized.

Short skis are not only safe but fast, easy, cheap and easy to fit and transport. Furthermore, they are fun. Isn't that really what skiing should be?

ELMAR BAXTER
President
Ski Writers Association
of Southern California

West Covina, Calif.

THE COMMISSIONER

Sirs:

I have been an avid baseball fan and a frustrated baseball player for all of my years, and have long contended that what the major leagues need at the helm is a fan rather than a strictly professional man. I can readily see from Mr. Leggett's article (*The Bar Leaver Seeks a Fan*, Feb. 17) that baseball has now acquired the kind of leadership it must have in order to retain its rightful position as our national pastime.

ROBERT B. SMITHWICK

Englewood, Colo.

Sirs:

I guess those baseball owners muffed it again. There is no doubt that Bowie Kuhn knows more about baseball than General Eckert did, but that isn't saying much. If the owners want someone who really knows baseball, why not Stan Musial, Ted Williams or Campy Campanella? Why not Jackie Robinson? If they want someone who can change and modernize baseball, why not Leo Durocher? Bill Veack? Eddie Stanky? All seven of these men would fit the job better than Vince Lombardi, Mike Burke, Chub Feeney or even Bowie Kuhn!

JONATHAN EDELMAN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

CLEAN WATER

Sirs:

Your SCORECARD item entitled "Troubled Oil on Waters" (Feb. 24) may lead some of SI's readers mistakenly to believe that the detergents used to disperse oil in both the Torrey Canyon and Santa Barbara disasters and the familiar household detergents are one and the same. Far from it! The chemicals employed to dissolve or disperse oil are special formulations of emulsifiers that are entirely different in makeup from the brand-name detergents.

Incidentally, Dr. J. E. Smith, author of the definitive work on the Torrey Canyon incident and director of Britain's Plymouth Marine Laboratory, carefully distinguished between the oil dispersant type of "detergent" and household products in his presentation before the recent annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held in Dallas. As Dr. Smith stated in his book, the harmful ecological effects came from the solvent portion of the dispersants, not from the special surface-active agents in the formulations.

We hope that you will bring this to the attention of your readers. Our industry voluntarily converted to biodegradable ("soft") detergents in mid-1964, and we continue to work in behalf of the preservation of clean water throughout this nation.

ROBERT C. SINGER

The Soap and Detergent Association
New York City

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Sirs:

As a former resident of Sewanee, I was delighted to read your recent article *Down with the Heavens* (Feb. 24). Although the majority of SI's readers have probably never heard of the University of the South, it is truly a fascinating place.

My congratulations for your consistent efforts to highlight sports on the local, personal and human level, as well as the national and professional scene.

MRS. JAMES R. HILL

Louisville

CASE FOR AGGRESSION

Sirs:

I read with interest the article on Max Novich, the self-styled boxing coach for overprivileged boys (*Pretend He's Your Sister*, Feb. 17). I am convinced that there is a need for the sort of training that Dr. Novich is providing in an attempt to help the sheltered sons of wealthy suburbanites develop a sense of self-assuredness and vitality. While I am not sure that Dr. Novich and I would agree substantially on the particular importance of aggressive trans, I

continued



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should think that his program is more beneficial than dangerous.

However, I would take issue with one statement attributed to Dr. Novich, not because I feel it demonstrates any prejudice on his part, but because I am sure that it is inaccurate. He says, "I don't want no underprivileged kids. Enough's being done for them. I only want overprivileged kids. They got a right to be aggressive just like anyone else." It cannot be gainsaid that underprivileged children more frequently encounter environmental stimuli of the sort that are likely to develop aggressive attitudes. But the fallacy lies in assuming that the aggressiveness that an underprivileged child quickly acquires is by any means as constructive an element as that which can be developed in middle- and upper-class children. This, I should think, applies with particular force in the case of a black child; his aggressiveness is against his environment and the socioeconomic forces that significantly restrict his future opportunities. A racist and class-conscious society discourages serious ambition in such a child, and his aggressiveness inexcusably takes the form of frustration and hostility.

Chicago

STL GARRETT

Sirs:

I was pleasantly surprised when reading Bill Gilbert's article to discover that his hero, Dr. Max Novich, was my hero during our sojourn at Central High in Newark, N. J. back in the late '20s. We had to walk home from school every afternoon and I always tried to be in his company, for his aggressiveness was noticeable then and the school dropouts (yes, we had them then also) would not bother us as we walked through those tough neighborhoods. I am glad to see that he has made it.

STANLEY ZOLTO JR.

Ramsey, N. J.

VITAL POINT

Sirs:

Senator Everett Dirksen (R-IL, Feb. 17) tries to justify the Congressmen and their increased salaries by comparing them with the income of pro football players. Naturally, he conveniently overlooks one vital point. The football player's salary doesn't cost the taxpayer a single penny, unless he wishes to contribute. However, the taxpayers are forced to dig down in their pockets and come up with the money to pay politicians' salaries no matter how large these salaries are.

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W T BROWN

Glendale, Ariz

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